Telford Taylor on a Poet General • Bad PR for the Pope

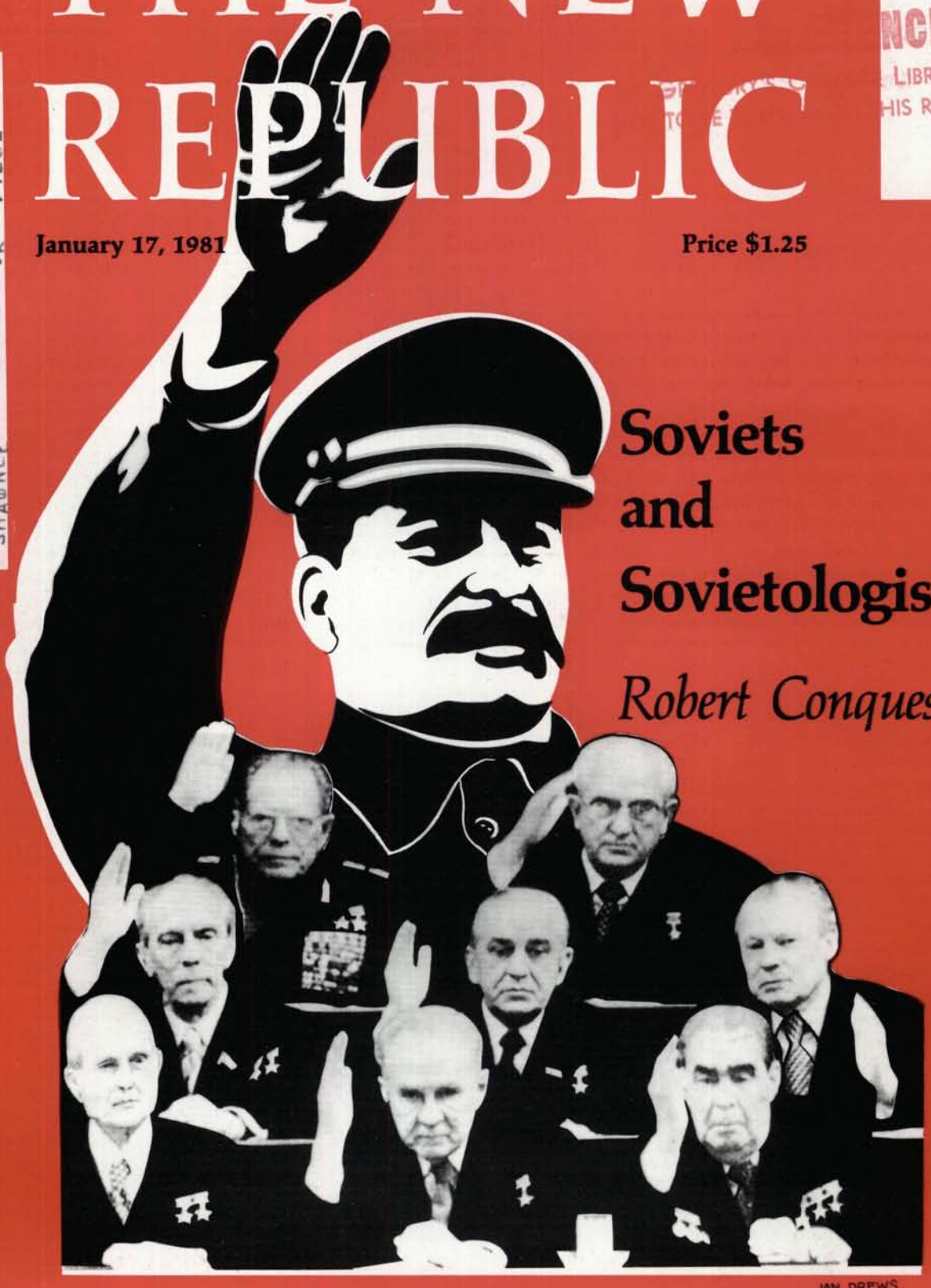
Learning to Love Litigation • White House Aspirin-Kisser

THE NEW REPUBLIC

NCE
LIBRARY
HIS ROOM

DEC83
AMR*EE19QW*MI2 02 NP
MR EUGENE MARSHALL
ST. GREGORYS COLLEGE
1900 W. MACARTHUR OK 74801
SHAWNEE

January 17, 1981 Price $1.25



Soviets and Sovietologists

Robert Conquest

JAN DREWS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
January 17, 1981

Rites of Passage

There'll be big doings next week on Jenkins Hill. That's where the Capitol is and where they hold inaugurals and they don't call it Jenkins Hill anymore. They just measure history by it.

That's where the gimmicks of yesterday are laughed at today, before they turn into tomorrow. How quaint. Lincoln's inaugural was the first ever photographed; the sensation of Garfield's inaugural ball was an electric light. Cleveland moved the ball to the Pension Building, which was lit "by electricity and gas"; McKinley's was the first recorded on a movie. The list goes on and on. Harding rode to his ceremony in an automobile—up to date, you know; Coolidge was broadcast for the first time. FDR's was the first (1937) held on January 20 rather than March 4; Ike was the one who discarded top hats, and his secretary of the treasury ostentatiously had the gold counted at Fort Knox after those Truman Democrats had left. Four years ago, if you remember, Jimmy Carter left his bullet-proof limousine on Pennsylvania Avenue to walk grinning to the White House, pausing briefly while Amy held up the mile-long procession to tie her shoe. Always something different to remember them by! Our man Ronald Reagan, for example, will be the first to take the oath on the west, rather than the east, front of the Capitol. He gets a look at the Washington Monument and the White House instead of a parking lot.

Some of the views expressed since the first inaugural, when George Washington, in wig and buckles, addressed Wall Street from a balcony, in April 1789, seem must as quaint and arresting as the changes in material surroundings. All those early presidents who extolled "freedom" and "liberty" while owning slaves; all those who still preached isolationism after the Wrights invented the flying machine; all those who thought prosperity could be retained by raising the tariff a little higher! There are individual oddities and ironies, too, in the 48 addresses before Reagan continues the endless chain: Ulysses S. Grant, for example, regretfully giving up the idea of making Santo Domingo a state of the Union (1873); Grover Cleveland bemoaning the danger "of the accumulation of a surplus in the Treasury to tempt extravagance and waste"—yes, I said *surplus* (1885); and the doomed Hoover announcing that poverty was conquered nine months before all hell broke loose on Wall Street. ("Stocks Collapse in 16,410,030-share day," announced the *New York Times*, October 30, 1929.) Like remembered chords, some passages evoke whole eras: "We have nothing to fear but fear itself," and "Ask not what your country can do for you . . .," and "With malice toward none, with charity for all. . . ." It is hard to read them unmoved.

One young reporter, fresh from Boston in 1925 and still starry-eyed over Washington, could hardly believe what he heard. He reflected that probably more people were listening to the speech than to any other uttered in history: and what a voice, dry and twangy and costive. What was Coolidge telling America? "All owners of property are charged with a service. These rights and duties have been revealed, through the conscience of society, to have a divine sanction." Yes, property had a divine sanction in Coolidge's smug day.

Roosevelt's 1933 "fear" speech had the most immediate and profound influence of any inaugural address in history. It was superb; it stopped a panic. It was Sheridan rallying his soldiers, it was a buoyant benediction, it showed—as the Greeks knew—what eloquence and personality can do. Twelve years later I saw the Roosevelt war inaugural on the portico of the White House, snow in the crotches of the trees, a January sun playing peek-a-boo . . . and they lifted Roosevelt up to the microphone like a sack of potatoes while we gasped, and then there was the magical voice again calming us and reassuring us and telling us that we would win the war. He was dead three months later.

It snowed all night for JFK's inaugural and this reporter was snow-bound in his office listening to the trucks scraping Pennsylvania Avenue outside. Dawn broke, and lo, the street was cleared and ready for the great parade in the white world. Reporters before the Capitol rested numbed feet on the snow, tried to type with gloves, heard Robert Frost try and fail to read his poem, and saw the crossed wires flare for Cardinal Cushing's over-long prayer, giving the odd impression of immediate celestial response. It was a romp in the snow. I have always wondered whether the stuff the "Roost-No-More Company" sprayed on the plane trees really discouraged the starlings and pigeons from annoying the crowds beneath as it was supposed to. Anyway, it was a great parade, as they all are, each different and each the same, with ponderous floats, jingling cavalry, high-stepping drum-majorettes clad mostly in gooseflesh, and the profound symbolism of the affair, particularly when a defeated president and his victorious successor ride together up the avenue in reasonable amity.

In 1973 I found myself in a radio perch under the ceiling of the Capitol portico itself. It was a small closet on stilts holding four people, where I was supposed to feed lines to the commentator. The rain stopped, umbrellas no longer bobbed, there was a bone-chilling wind that vibrated the flagpole—some flags still at half-mast for Harry Truman. The inaugural somehow never built to festivity. I could hear the rhythmic chant of the antiwar protestors and Nixon must have heard it as he spoke. There was a sour note on everything after his 12-days-of-Christmas bombing in Vietnam. In his speech, he complained, "Our children have been taught to be ashamed of their country, ashamed of their parents, ashamed of America's record at home and its role in the world."

So now it is Ronald Reagan's turn. Those two minutes when he repeats the 34 words of the tremendous oath separate an American president from a parliamentary prime minister. The US president, though nobody admits it, is still part sovereign, part high priest. He begins, "I, Ronald Reagan. . . ." It is mystical. As theater it is magnificent. The solemn oath can elevate a quite ordinary man, giving him, occasionally, a touch of grandeur.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Throw a party, make money

To the editors:

In regard to your coverage of the direct selling industry by Seth Kupferberg ("The Party Line," *TNR*, December 13, 1980), I would like to clarify a few points.

First, Kupferberg's comment about the industry being "based on the idea of making money off your friends" is incorrect. According to a 1977 Louis Harris and Associates, Inc., industry survey, direct salespeople do not primarily sell to friends and relatives. As a matter of fact, almost two-thirds of all sales contacts are made by a salesperson not known to the potential customer. In situations where the salesperson is known, the study finds that it is unlikely that a friendship or familiar relationship exists. Even if Kupferberg's thesis were correct, selling quality products at fair prices in an ethical manner to one's friends—which typifies those direct sales to one's friends—is a quite proper and acceptable method of marketing.

Second, Kupferberg quotes Jonathan Swift's definition of "party" ("the madness of many, for the gain of few") in regard to the party-plan method of marketing. In truth, both the salesperson and customer benefit from a sales party. The socializing aspect is desired by many attending a sales party, as are the helpfulness of the salesperson and the chance to examine products carefully before making a selection. The popularity and excellent and continuing growth of the party-plan method of marketing speaks for itself. Persons invited to parties know what they are about and what will transpire. Simply stated, customers enjoy this method of shopping.

Kupferberg also leaves readers with the notion that direct salespeople have chosen that career specifically because of the money to be earned by selling to acquaintances and implies that there is something inherently wrong with this. We do not believe that to be so, but in any event, as I have already pointed out, the Lou Harris findings regarding selling to friends and family generally belie this. The study also indicates that money is not the first priority for direct salespeople—the opportunity to work independently, to have one's income relate to how hard one works, and the chance to socialize and meet people are the industry's strongest appeals to prospective and present salespersons. Salespeople also rate their religion and family and friends before their business activities in order of importance in their lives. Furthermore, they do not see themselves as merely persons selling a product but as advice givers and helpers to their customers.

Direct selling is a dynamic and growing industry. It is growing internationally as well as domestically and its future looks bright. It represents a working partnership among big, medium size, and small corporations working hand-in-glove with four to six million independent entrepreneurs who believe in themselves and the American dream of achieving success on both a moral and a financial plane.

Neil H. Offen, President
Direct Selling Association
Washington, DC

International double standard

To the editors:

Ronald Steel's "Are Human Rights Passé?" (*TNR*, December 27, 1980) comes down to one theme: when right-wing dictatorships violate human rights, the United States should intervene or exert pressure; when left-wing or communist regimes are in or on their way to power, it's a matter of "social revolution." And when things go the way Cuba went, it's "in large part due to Washington's mismanagement and its inflation of a nuisance into an obsession."

In other words, Castro and his communist orthodoxy have had little to do with what happened in Cuba—it was Washington's fault. Just as, according to William Shawcross, who has become the official liberal historian of the Cambodian story, that atrocity was Kissinger's fault and not Pol Pot's. One could go on and say that Auschwitz was not Hitler's responsibility, but that of Woodrow Wilson, who clamped the Versailles Treaty on Germany and thus planted the seeds for the Nazi revanchism.

Let Steel and other indefatigable flagellators of America and US foreign policy ask the victims whom they blame, and how they see America's role, albeit not always successful, in trying to stop systematic, ideologically motivated mass repression and mass killings. Let them ask the refugees from Pol Pot and Heng Samrin (both "social revolutionaries"?) and the boat people.

Whatever the shortcomings of the Reagan administration's foreign policy may be, there is only one way to go on human rights: out of the moral double standard into which Steel and his ideological soul mates in the outgoing administration have placed this country and toward a policy that asks first what is the scope and the nature of the atrocity and second who committed it and why.

Robert B. Goldman
New York, New York

Jerusalem as capital

To the editors:

In her very cogent article, "Jerusalem Belongs to Israel" (*TNR*, December 13, 1980), Marie Syrkin states: "And no other people, while ruling Jerusalem, chose the city for its capital." At the risk of sounding pedantic, I wish to point out that during the Latin occupation, the kings of Jerusalem maintained their seat of government in that city until their expulsion by Saladin in 1187.

John F. Murphy
Brooklyn Heights, New York

Impotent laws

To the editors:

Reading through Stephen Chapman's otherwise worthwhile article on the Voting Rights Act ("Strom's Law," *TNR*, December 6, 1980), I was disappointed to read that a law could be "emasculated."

My goodness, little boy! Laws don't have genitals or hormones of either sex. Don't you think it's tacky to assume that your sex is a synonym for forcefulness or effectiveness?

Would you have said it would be "mighty white" of us to extend the Voting Rights Act in its original form, or that Thurmond is trying to "jew down" the number of black voters? Would *The New Republic* have printed it if you had?

Rosemary Lewin
Duluth, Minnesota

P.S. I have just read a little further. Please extend these comments to Sharif Arani.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 184, No. 3, Issue 3445, January 17, 1981. Published weekly (except the issues of January 3, July 11, August 8, August 29) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.25; yearly subscriptions, $28; foreign, $31; students, $17.

Copyright 1981 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. The New Republic is available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

Send all remittances, inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.

Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Cover: designed by Jan Drews. Article on page 29.

PLEASE NOTIFY US

NEW ADDRESS:

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

ATTACH LABEL HERE for address change or inquiry. If you are receiving duplicate copies of *TNR* please send both labels. If moving, list new address above.

Send to: Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737.

Contents

TRB from Washington	2	Rites of Passage
	3	Correspondence
Comment	5	Latin Lessons
John Osborne	7	White House Watch: Jimmy, We Never Knew You
Joseph Nocera	10	The First Physician
S. T. Cohen	13	La Bombe
Arnaud de Borchgrave and Michael Ledeen	14	Reagan's African Ally
Kati Marton	16	The Imperial Pope
Jerold S. Auerbach	19	Welcome to Litigation
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	22	Films: Comic-Muse News
Robert Brustein	23	Theater: The Triumph of Mediocrity
Brendan Galvin	24	Poem: "Nose"
Robert G. O'Meally	26	Ralph Ellison's Invisible Novel
Robert Conquest	29	*Stalin's Successors* by Seweryn Bialer
Telford Taylor	33	*The Chief* by Ronald Lewin
Robert Coles	35	*Beyond Egotism* by Robert Kiely
Phyllis Grosskurth	38	*Tennyson* by Robert Bernard Martin
	40	Brief Review:
Lois Barclay Murphy		*Loss* by John Bowlby
Washington Diarist	43	Second-Rate

Staff

Editor-in-Chief and Publisher—*Martin Peretz*
Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Associate Editor—*Stephen Chapman*
Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Theater—*Robert Brustein*
Poetry Editor—*Robert Pinsky*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Assistant Literary Editor—*Ann Hulbert*
Assistant Production Manager—*Lisa Derman*
Assistant to the Editors—*Judith Larkin*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Ronald Steel, Tad Szulc, Anne Tyler, Michael Walzer, Leon Wieseltier*

General Manager and Associate Publisher—*Robert A. Cohen*
Circulation Manager—*Patricia Hardee*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Financial Planning Manager—*J. Kristine Klasman*
Advertising Manager—*Joan M. Stapleton*
Classified Advertising Manager—*Theresa Miller*
Rights and Permissions—*Winter Thomason*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Staff Associate—*David Seideman*

The New Republic is phototypeset and produced by 19th Street Graphix, Washington, DC.
Production Supervisor—*Kathy Sullivan*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

January 17, 1981

Latin Lessons

Much as he charmed Washington back in November by deftly touching the proper bases on his first post-election visit to the capital, president-elect Reagan seems to have scored a success in his first foreign visit, his two-hour foray into Mexico on January 5. Mexican president Jose Lopez Portillo declared that "this has been a meeting of friends." Even the Mexican press, notoriously alert for signs that its nation is being slighted or chiseled by the US, glowed afterward with optimism about the future of US-Mexican relations. And we, too, skeptical though we are about Ronald Reagan's foreign policy acumen, will have to admit that it was (as President Lopez Portillo put it) a discreet and elegant gesture for him to make his first foreign trip to Mexico, reversing the traditional pattern whereby Mexican presidents travel here to make the first contact. As this journal has pointed out often in the past (see, for example, "Neighborhood Improvement," January 27, 1979), development of a new and equitable US-Mexico relationship is as challenging a diplomatic task as any the American government faces. Reagan's initial approach to Mexico suggests he is aware of the challenge.

But the Reagan-Lopez Portillo meeting was just symbolic, however successful the symbolism. Just as Reagan's courtesy visits to Capitol Hill and various Washington salons had little to do with the substance of the nation's problems, neither did the Ciudad Juarez conference address the difficult issues that divide the United States and Mexico.

To the traditional sore spots in US-Mexican relations—immigration, trade, water, and drugs, not to mention history—a new one has been added lately, one likely to involve special friction between Mexico and the conservative Reagan administration. This is the murderous chaos in El Salvador, about which even the Carter administration differs from Lopez Portillo's. The Mexican government has not formally broken diplomatic ties with the US-backed military-civilian junta in El Salvador, but its sympathy is clearly with the left-wing opposition, a hodgepodge coalition of social democrats, peasants, the Catholic church, some businessmen, and several groups of armed guerrillas. As a Carter administration official said last week, "Mexico thinks the left is bound to win and that it can be moderated. We think that won't work because the left is basically controlled by Communists and the moderates in the front are just window dressing." That view is shared in spades by most Reagan advisers. In an article in the current *Commentary*, for example, Reagan's nominee for US ambassador to the United Nations, Jeane Kirkpatrick, calls the left "a coalition of revolutionaries trained, armed, and advised by Cuba and others." (The "others," according to State Department officials, include radical Arabs who may be providing more weapons to leftist guerrilla groups than the Cubans do.)

The Carter administration's policy has been to supply the Salvadoran junta with economic aid and riot control equipment, to pressure it toward land reform

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

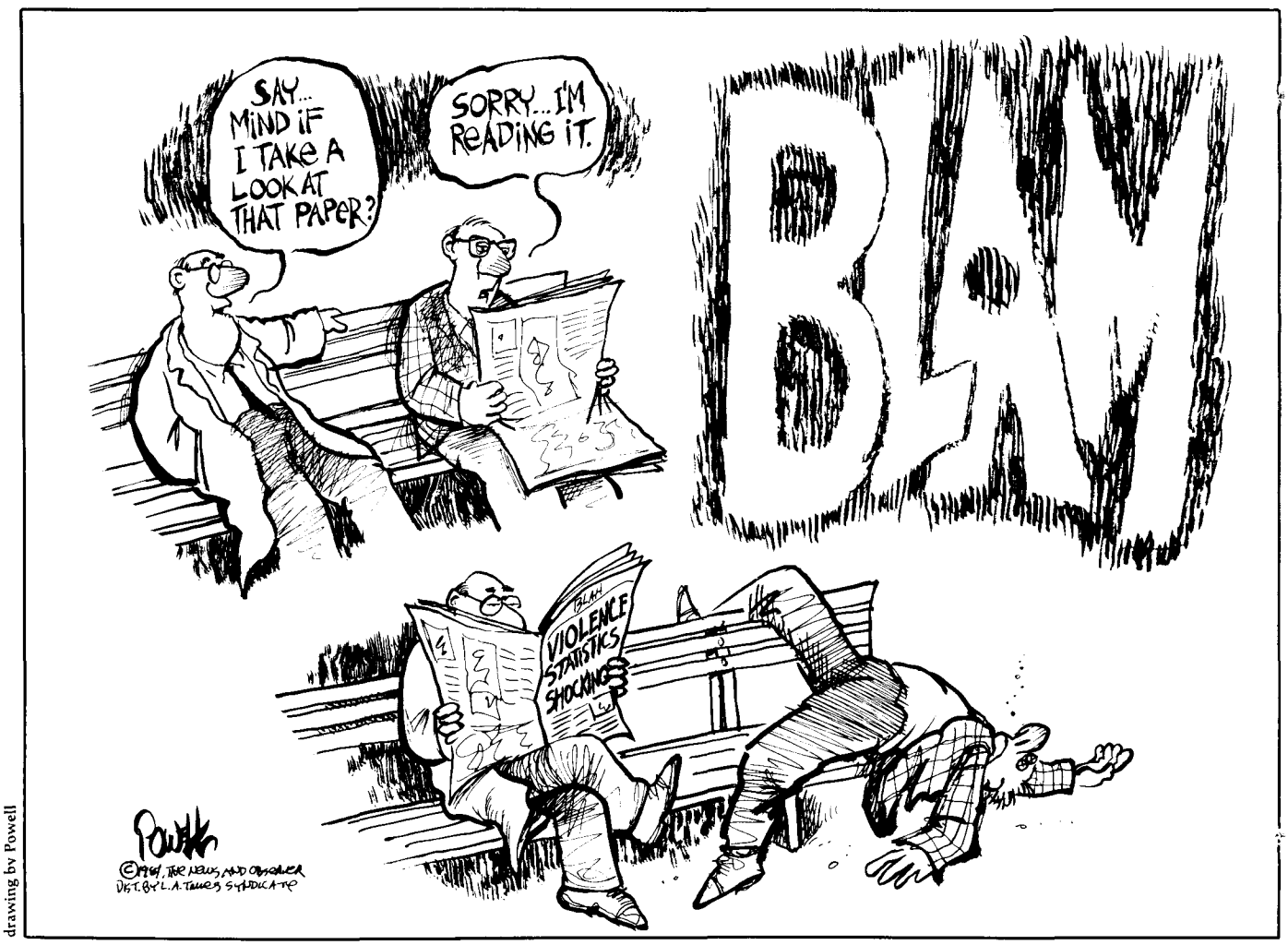
as a way of undercutting the left, and to urge it to use its military power to suppress the militant right. The Carter administration has put its money on the junta as representing a moderate, centrist alternative to the militant right and left, although there are widespread charges that government forces are in league with right-wing death squads. No one seems certain who assassinated El Salvador's archbishop at his altar, who kidnapped and killed six leftist leaders and raped and killed four Catholic social workers, and who shot three land reform officials in the head in the San Salvador Sheraton coffee shop. But it's widely believed that such atrocities could not have been carried out without cooperation from government security forces.

Some liberal American experts on Latin America claim that the center cannot hold in El Salvador, and that a right-left civil war is inevitable. Others claim that there is no real center, that the civil war is on, and that the government is really just the ruling arm of the right. Some of Reagan's advisers share the first view, and argue that when the chips are down the United States will have to back the right to prevent a victory by the left.

At the moment, however, Ronald Reagan still backs the junta. "This is not a right-wing government," he said. "There is a moderate government, a right-wing faction, and a left-wing faction. There is a kind of three-way civil war." What is likely to distinguish Reagan policy from Carter policy is that Reagan will supply the junta and the military with guns, and the military, presumably, will use them against the left. This may or may not be the first step into a new US military quagmire.

Mexico differs with the Carter policy and it has urged the "great powers" (meaning us) not to become "involved" in El Salvador, which is precisely what the Reagan administration seems bent on doing. The disagreements go beyond El Salvador, however, to the future of Central America, the danger of Cuban expansionism, and the respective roles of the United States and Mexico in this hemisphere.

With an oil treasure possibly as big as Saudi Arabia's, Mexico suddenly has acquired a new prestige in the region, and with it, a new sense of its own importance. To the good, it has joined with Venezuela in establishing an oil facility to make petroleum available to Caribbean and Central American importers on favorable credit terms. More questionably, however, it has thrown its political weight behind groups hostile to US interests. It maintains generally good relations with Cuba and voted for Cuba's seating in the UN Security Council. It backed the Sandinista movement in Nicaragua's civil war and now favors a leftist takeover in El Salvador. Even though it has a capitalist—one might


SAY... MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK AT THAT PAPER?
SORRY... I'M READING IT.
BLAH
VIOLENCE STATISTICS SHOCKING
POWELL
©1981, THE NEWS AND OBSERVER DIST. BY L.A. TIMES SYNDICATE

drawing by Powell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

say, oligarchic—economy, Mexico has been a supporter of third world efforts to establish a new international economic order based on massive transfers of wealth from the rich countries to the poor.

It's not clear, on such issues, whether Mexico is cynical, misguided—or right. One interpretation is that by backing Cuba and leftist movements politically, it hopes to buy "protection," keeping its own leftist groups from stirring up trouble and the Cubans from giving them aid. Another interpretation is that the Mexican establishment, imbued as it is with its own revolutionary tradition, genuinely believes that the right-wing military regimes of the area are the major cause of instability, that the left is destined to triumph, and that Mexico can moderate leftist governments in the area much as it has co-opted or suppressed leftist movements in Mexico itself. Americans, especially Reaganites, believe that Cuban-aided leftists represent a dire threat to regional security, US interests—and even to Mexico. Mexico believes that Cubans and Sandinistas can be lived with, even in its own backyard.

We tend to think that the US has it right and the Mexicans have it wrong. But before we plunge into an unnecessary military involvement in Central America, we ought to listen carefully to what the Mexicans have to say. Ronald Reagan says he intends to listen. He told President Lopez Portillo he had the feeling that "we have done too much talking about each other and not enough talking to each other." The Mexican reportedly replied, "Magnifico, Sẽnor Presidente." The two of them exchanged gifts that were in their own way symbolic. Reagan gave the Mexican presents to be enjoyed in his leisure—a hunting rifle and a bottle of California wine. Lopez Portillo gave Reagan a more useful gift—two books, written by him, about Mexican history. We recommend, as one step toward making his substantive performance as magnificent as his gestures, that Reagan read the Mexican's books.

White House Watch

Jimmy, We Never Knew You

Jimmy Carter leaves the presidency unknown and, in a narrow sense of the word, unloved by any in Washington beyond a tiny group composed of his wife, his daughter, two of his three sons, and four of the several Georgians on his staff—his secretary, Susan Clough, and assistants Hamilton Jordon, Jody Powell, and Frank Moore. Respected and admired by others at the White House and elsewhere in Washington, yes. But known and loved in the warm and intimate meaning of the words, no. At a time when the decent wish is to say only good and kind things about the departing President, the fact is noted because it goes to the qualities, personal and impersonal, that account more than all else for the defeat that astonished and shattered him and his associates November 4.

Those associates, including press secretary Powell, started saying after less than a year of the Carter presidency that they and their Jimmy were somehow failing to explain him, his problems, and his attempts at solutions to the public and to Congress. Rosalynn Carter was among the first to perceive the failure and to insist that something be done about it. She also was among the last to acknowledge, if she ever did, that the failure of communication began with Carter. It gradually became apparent to some others, though seemingly never to her, that nothing much could be done about the failure unless he changed himself. He never did and probably couldn't.

An inner loneness, a wariness amounting to fear of intimacy with any beyond his family and a few in his Georgia circle, became apparent in the early White House months. Democrats in Congress who were essential to his success and who for their own partisan reasons, if no others, wanted to be helpful, encountered a distance between Carter and them that not one of them ever closed. The most skillful Democratic lobbyist and maneuverer in Washington, Robert Strauss, was unable to close it after he entered Carter's service as trade representative, Middle East negotiator, and reelection manager. It took the better part of two years for Carter to get around to awkward attempts at tapping the reservoir of experience, knowledge of Washington's ways, and influence in Congress and elsewhere that such operators as lawyer Clark Clifford, the ultimate insider and adviser to presidents since Harry Truman's time, were eager to provide. When a reporter learned that Carter was occasionally calling in Clifford, and pressed Jody Powell for confirmation, Powell after a long delay conveyed this reply: "You tell [the reporter] that the President of the United States intends to keep his private engagements private, and they are none of his damn business." Fair enough, except the news that Carter was at last consulting the Cliffords of Washington would have been helpful to the President. Anne Wexler, a professional pol who was recruited in order to bring Carter closer to the real life of his party and of his capital, assembled a covey of Democratic insiders who met regularly with her. They never got beyond imperfect communication with the President through her. At the end in 1980, at least two of them had concluded that the country might be better off with another President. One of the few Carter Georgians who understood national politics from the start and got around with others in Washington who also understood was the President's first attorney general, Griffin Bell. He could have fed much useful information to Carter. He was never

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

admitted to the inner circle and never had the chance to help as he could have. Bell's Atlanta law partner, Charles Kirbo, remained close to the President throughout and was consulted by Carter as Bell was not. But Kirbo was only an occasional visitor and he never penetrated the Washington political establishment.

Reporters assigned to the White House soon noted the remoteness and occasionally wrote about it. In London in 1977, during the first and most successful of his trips abroad, Carter in public seemed to go out of his way to keep himself apart from his host, Prime Minister James Callaghan, and other summit politicians who were anxious to share the popular adulation that engulfed the President. Usually, leaving official meetings, he chose to walk alone. Back home in Plains, when his team was at bat during the softball games, he almost always lay alone on the grass, as if surrounded by an invisible wall, among relatives and friends and assistants who would have been pleased to offer their company if he had wanted it. His infrequent meetings and appearances with brother Billy, who later made much trouble for him, and sister Gloria, and cousin Hugh, were so obviously contrived that they created no impression of family warmth.

Journalists usually are mistaken when they base judgments of such matters on their own experience, or lack of it, with Presidents. It's true, though, that Carter's relationship with Washington reporters and commentators reflected the same compelling loneness that in the end separated him from the voters who could have reelected him. The cliché is that a certain separation between Presidents and journalists is best for the Presidents and the journalists. But the experience with Carter suggests that he and Rosalynn—certainly Rosalynn—wanted to bridge the traditional adversary gap and didn't know how.

Part of the difficulty was Rosalynn's extreme resentment of anything in print or on the air that was less than totally favorable to her Jimmy. Yet she tried, to an extent he didn't, to improve the relationship. She and Gerald Rafshoon, a media specialist who joined the White House staff at her suggestion, arranged a series of dinners with half a dozen or so journalists and their spouses or companions. The invited journalists found Carter to be friendly, forthcoming, impressive in ways he seldom was on public occasions. There were a few larger gatherings, usually breakfasts, at which the President also did well, and a very few occasions when he invited perhaps a couple of reporters for lunch. The private affairs were off-the-record, excepting once when Carter muddied everything by giving a dinner guest permission to quote part of what he'd said, and they generally led to informative reports and commentaries without demeaning subservience. Carter never followed them up with a serious effort to develop personal relationships and understandings with his guests, including some whose work he was known to admire. Carter, receiving guests at a state dinner, once called an invited journalist back and said he'd welcome a private chat now and then. The journalist said he would, too, and as instructed by the President reported the exchange to Jody Powell. The press secretary, obviously annoyed, growled that Carter often said this sort of thing when he didn't really mean it and, in any case, wouldn't have time for such meetings. Nothing came of the President's approach. Public relations aside, working journalists can be sources of useful information to a President without betraying anybody or violating their own standards, if any.

The President's last fortnight in office was in keeping with the pattern of feckless behavior signified by his feeble stabs at improving his public and private communication. One of the few executive orders that he and his staff thought it worthwhile to draft and issue instructed the outgoing secretary of housing and urban development to see to it that HUD and all other federal agencies concerned with housing practices do all that the law permits and requires to promote fair housing practices. One of the many laudable efforts for which Carter had never gotten due credit was his attempt to persuade Congress to strengthen federal housing enforcement powers. The order represented the best he could do without the desired amendments to the Civil Rights Act of 1968, but in the circumstances it could accomplish no more than perhaps make it harder for the incoming Reaganites to gut the present requirements.

Through no fault of theirs, the President and his national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, were maneuvered into unrewarding combat with Senate Democrats, newly a minority, who were looking for ways to sabotage Ronald Reagan's nomination of General Alexander M. Haig Jr. to be secretary of state. Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, who in the new Con-

Windy City

Percy, Jewish leaders talk, still differ on PLO

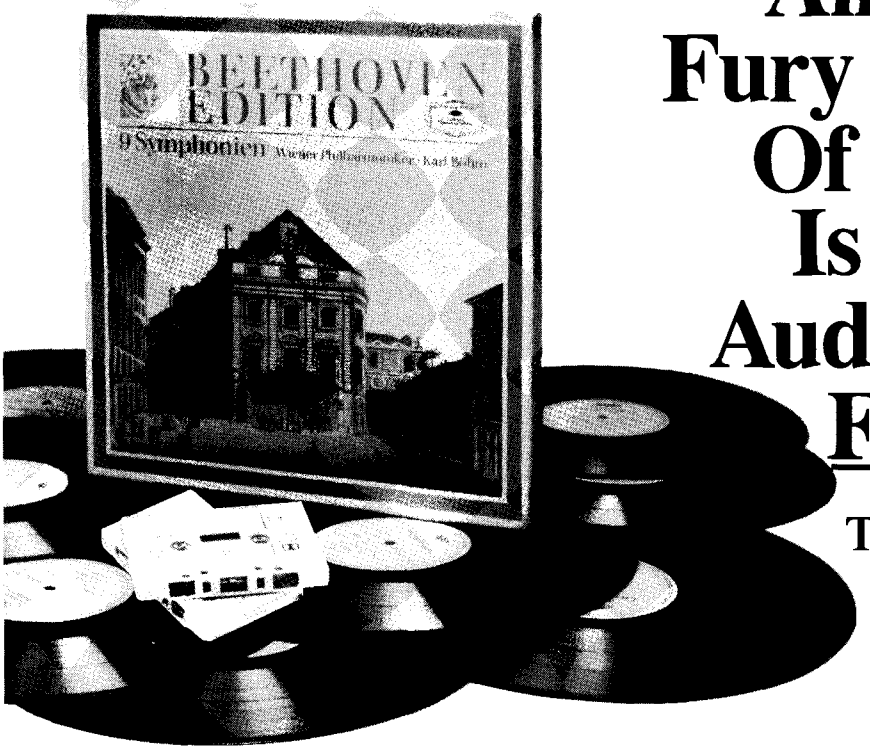
—*Chicago Tribune*, December 17, 1980

Jewish leaders back Percy

—*Chicago Sun-Times*, December 17, 1980

(Thanks to Randall Czarlinsky, Evanston, Illinois.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



All The Fire, Fury And Passion Of Beethoven Is Yours To Audition FREE FOR 10 DAYS

THE COMPLETE SET OF NINE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES ONLY $9.98

It's your introduction to The International Preview Society—the classical music club with NO OBLIGATION TO BUY.

No Obligation To Buy Any Future Offerings

This remarkable $9.98 offer is our way of introducing you to an outstanding music club with never any obligation to buy. You'll have the opportunity to select exciting multi-record/cassette collections approximately every seven weeks in our exclusive Preview magazine. Each issue highlights a Featured Selection...plus an impressive array of alternate selections (many available on cassettes).

You Choose Only The Music You Want

If you'd like to preview the Featured Selection, you need do nothing. We'll send it automatically. But if you'd prefer an alternate selection or none at all, just mail back the Preview Notification Card—enclosed with the magazine—by the specified date. You'll always have at least 10 days to decide whether you want to exercise your free preview privileges. Should you ever have less than 10 days, you will receive full credit for returned merchandise.

Regular Savings Of Up To 35% Off List Prices

As a Society member, you always enjoy up to 35% off suggested retail prices on all single and multi-record sets. Plus, our Half-Price Bonus Plan means that for every regular member purchase you make, you may choose a Bonus album or multi-record set for only half of the members' already-low club price! That amounts to savings of more than 55%! A postage and handling charge is added to all shipments.

FREE 10-Day Audition Privileges

You'll always have 10 days to preview a selection at home—absolutely free. And remember, unlike most other record clubs, there's never any obligation to buy.

Highest Quality European-Pressed Recordings

All selections are on Deutsche Grammophon, London, and Philips—the world-renowned labels most respected by music lovers and performers alike.

PHILIPS · LONDON ffrr FULL FREQUENCY RANGE RECORDING · Deutsche Grammophon

Mail Your Request Form Today—You Send No Money Now!

FREE HOME AUDITION REQUEST

The International Preview Society
175 Community Drive • Great Neck, N.Y. 11025

YES! Please send me, for my free audition, this 8-record "Beethoven—Nine Symphonies" set, and my bonus album to keep, free and without obligation. I may return "Beethoven—Nine Symphonies" after 10 days and owe nothing... or keep it for only $9.98 plus a postage/handling charge (sales tax added for New York residents). I will also receive, approximately every seven weeks, free preview privileges of the finest classical recordings. Of course, I may cancel at any time.

Please send all selections on: ☐ LPs (89) ☐ Cassettes (99/IV)

Name

Address Apt. No.

City State Zip

Only new members eligible. Offer limited to the connecting 48 states. Limit one membership per household. NOTE: All applications are subject to review, and we reserve the right to reject any application.

49009

FREE BONUS

Your free gift—just for returning the attached coupon within 10 days—BEETHOVEN'S VIOLIN CONCERTO, performed by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Herbert von Karajan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gress became the ranking minority member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, sent Brzezinski a written demand on December 18 for any and all NSC and other records in federal custody that might bear upon Haig's fitness. Brzezinski justifiably refused to accede to so broad a demand and asked for specifics, then spoiled his act by seeming in a cable television interview to accuse the Senate Democrats of planning a "witch hunt." That's exactly what they were doing, with Pell's wholesale call for records and tapes bearing upon Haig's services to Richard Nixon during and after Watergate. Brzezinski said in the same interview that his witch hunt crack was aimed at slavering journalists, not at the Senate Democrats, but the qualifier went unnoticed. Carter seemed a day later to overrule Brzezinski and be more willing to cooperate with the committee Democrats than Brzezinski was. Pell in fact had narrowed his first request and made it more specific, and Carter was responding to the modified request. Also, however, he asserted his right as the incumbent President to clear any materials from the files of Nixon and Gerald Ford that might be offered to Pell by the former presidents' attorneys. That was too much for Herbert Miller, Nixon's Washington attorney, who instantly broke off separate negotiations with Pell and served notice that he might contest any release of Nixon tapes or other material in court. Ford's attorney, Dean Burch, insisted that Ford retain the right to clear any release from his files and seemed to be calmer about it than Miller was.

There the matter stood when Carter, obviously not occupied with anything vital to the nation, took off for a brief stay at his home in Plains, the day before Haig's confirmation hearing was to open. Jody Powell said that Carter needed time at home to prepare for the end of his presidency and his final return to Georgia on January 20.

John Osborne

Why Dr. Lukash would rather dole out aspirin than be chief of gastroenterology.

The First Physician

William Lukash's rise to the top is a classic Washington saga. Fourteen years ago, at age 36, he was recommended for a part-time job in the White House. He grabbed for the spot, and, realizing that his future depended primarily on the beneficence of President Johnson, he energetically began currying favor with the boss. He did this in typical Washington fashion. Although he was only a part-timer, he spent a prodigious number of hours in the office. He hovered around a lot—always there in case he was needed, but never so bold or forward that he could be accused of being a pain in the neck. He was solicitous in his advice, but never proffered it unless asked. He knew how to keep his mouth shut. In short, he behaved with the odd mixture of self-assertion and self-effacement characteristic of that Washington social type, the special assistant.

Soon Lukash was making regular trips to Johnson's Texas ranch. He became a member of the Johnson entourage, one of the handful of people who went everywhere the president went, all over the world.

Most amazing of all, two presidents later, Lukash is still there. He is one of Washington's great survivors. How did he do it? Well, among other techniques, after taking over from the man who had stood bureaucratically between him and the president, he quickly slashed his staff by more than half. This not only saved the government money, but helped to assure that he would not have to face competition for the president's affection from a young, Lukash-like subordinate. He worked to establish a locker-room *bonhomie* with each successive president, playing golf with Ford, jogging with Carter, etc. He managed to be the first person to see the president in the morning and the last to see him at night. He cultivated the first lady. And he was always discreet, especially with the press. He knew how to stay in the background when things were going well, and how to tiptoe around controversies when they unfortunately arose.

Now, like so many other Washingtonians who clawed their way to the top, Lukash is about to be swept out of his job in the Reagan landslide. Cronyism, alas, is back. Bravely, he says he had been planning to step aside anyway: "I had plateaued," he says. But you needn't worry too much about him. He has been sifting through offers from the private sector, and there may even be a book in the works. "I'm not sure about that," Lukash says. "But of course," he adds with a modest smile, "the agents have been calling." A fitting end to a Washington tale. Lukash is about to cash in his chips.

This sounds like a typical saga of a Washington lawyer or political operative. But William Lukash isn't a lawyer—he's a doctor and an admiral in the Navy. He happens to be the White House's official in-house physician, which means (drum rolls, please) he is the man most responsible for keeping the leader of the free world healthy. That's the billing. As with most high-echelon special assistantships, the daily duties are considerably more mundane—far beneath the talents of the occupant, and beneath his dignity too if it weren't for the glamorous trappings. Lukash runs a White House version of the nurse's office in elementary school where your teacher sent you if you complained of a headache. When Zbig complains of a headache, he gets sent straight to Lukash. Lukash also is the personal doctor for not just the president, but for all the members of the first family. But he still manages to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spend the largest part of his time tending to America's premier patient—the president. Lukash has treated, in his career, such well-publicized presidential ailments as Johnson's heart condition, Nixon's phlebitis, Ford's football knees, and Carter's piles. These are not, Lord knows, diseases that have put Lukash on the frontier of modern medicine, but frankly, he doesn't give a hoot about that. As he looks back over his long career in the White House, he has nothing but fond memories. It has been "an honor" to have had the chance to serve as White House doctor, he says. He has found working in the White House "awesome." He has considered his responsibilities "challenging." "I leave with a sense of satisfaction," he says.

Judged by the only standards available, Lukash has indeed had a successful tenure as chief keeper of the presidential health. None of his presidents has keeled over dead in the middle of high-level negotiations with Allied leaders. None has even spent much time being too sick to carry on with the important business of running the nation. Lukash's special contribution has been setting up diet and exercise regimes for his presidents that have kept them usually at the top of their games. Depending on your political persuasion, this should have met with your approval at least some of the time over the past 14 years.

On the other hand, Lukash has had four very healthy presidents during his reign as White House doctor. He hasn't had to cope with paralyzed presidents (Roosevelt), manic-depressive presidents (Wilson), presidents with cancer (Harrison), presidents with chronic back trouble (Kennedy), or presidents with debilitating diseases of one sort or another (at least a dozen others). Johnson's heart condition was the closest Lukash came to handling an ongoing medical problem, but Lukash's treatment consisted primarily of feeding Johnson's need for constant reassurance that he was not on the verge of a new attack, rather than providing sophisticated treatment. On his first trip to the Johnson ranch, Lukash was summoned to examine the president's heart at 2 one morning. When he arrived, his stethoscope was still cold, and when he put it to Johnson's chest, the president let out a string of loud Texas epithets. "After that," recalls Lukash, "there was a closer rapport between the two of us." This was the highest sort of challenge Lukash faced in his White House career.

The history of medicine in the White House is not full of success stories like Lukash's. In truth, many of the physicians have been hacks, culled from the ranks of the Navy, which pays for the doctor's office in the White House, and which therefore provides a doctor to the president free of charge. These men were often little more than court jesters. They had been chosen not because of their medical skills, but because presidents liked having them around. The office apparently hit rock-bottom during the presidencies of Wilson and Roosevelt. Under Wilson, writes one physician who has researched the subject, "[the] young naval surgeon proved little during the next eight years except the fact that he knew almost nothing about the care of hypertensive cardiovascular disease" (which Wilson suffered from). Roosevelt, despite his paralysis and other illnesses, chose the legendary Ross T. McIntire as his physician, a man so inept at his profession that he was criticized by the AMA. For two years, McIntire singlehandedly misdiagnosed Roosevelt's congestive heart problems, primarily because he believed in Roosevelt's toughness. Even McIntire, though, went into the White House as a low-ranking naval officer, and came out a rear admiral. This has since become traditional for White House doctors, Lukash included.

In JFK's administration, the White House doctor was his longtime physician, Dr. Janet Travell. Travell was the first White House doctor to try to make a bundle by writing about her experiences, in the now-forgotten *Office Hours: Day and Night*. She was also the first White House doctor really to master the art of news management. For example, she used to deny that Kennedy was afflicted with a form of Addison's disease, despite a good deal of evidence to the contrary. Most important, Travell was the first White House doctor to insist on following the president everywhere he went. This was her *cause célèbre*, but in this, as in so much else, she was ahead of her time. "Doctors have better use for their time than to follow me around," Kennedy told her.

BY THE TIME Lukash first came to the White House, Travell's arguments had carried the day. A doctor now traveled with the president at all times, and one or another of his assistants went with the first lady and vice president. But the man who was then the White House doctor, Rear Admiral (of course) George Berkeley, didn't care for all that traveling. Nor did he like working late hours, which White House doctors now did whenever there was a reception at the White House. That is why he tapped Lukash to help him out. Lukash was then a lieutenant commander in the Navy, and chairman of the gastroenterology department at Bethesda Naval Hospital. After joining the White House staff, he would work the day shift at Bethesda, and then head for the White House for evening duty. Evening duty consisted mostly of hanging around and waiting to see if the president or one of his guests got a stomach-ache, but Lukash was up to it. Sometimes he actually would get to attend the reception, where he could refine his low-key technique. "I stay close to the President, but not in such a way that I would stand out," he once told *Nation's Business*. "Everybody thinks I'm a Secret Service man."

Today, as number one White House doc, Lukash still does evening duty. And travel duty. And everything else. He has ceded none of his responsibilities to anyone else. "The man," writes Sheila Rabb Weidenfeld in her memoir of life as Betty Ford's press secretary, "is at the White House when the President arises just about every morning, and usually does not leave

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

until the President goes to bed every night." She goes on:

> During the day, he is usually in his office, sitting, reading or treating other patients, but always close to the electronic box that lists the First Family principals by their code name and tells where each is at all times during the day. His office is right across from the elevator to the Family residence, and whenever his box shows that the President is on his way home, Lukash stands outside just to check on his patient as he bounds by for the elevator and give the President a chance to say 'I have a headache. . . .' When Mrs. Ford is sick, he is at her bedside. . . . He monitors the President's activities, too, suggesting a swim or a game of golf or some other exercise when he feels he needs it. (And he *still* finds time to take care of Susan's cramps!)

During the Carter era, Lukash has not been able to develop an elevator-side manner because Carter walks down the White House stairs as part of his exercise routine. But for Lukash, there are other ways to nab his man. At Camp David Lukash usually runs with the president, and at the White House he often plays tennis with him. He is always on call when Carter wants to hit a few balls back and forth. He can watch for those telltale signs of illness while smashing a forehand past the president. When Carter doesn't want to play tennis, sometimes Rosalynn does. Lukash makes himself just as available for her, and has come to admire her backhand these last four years. ("I have watched her progress. She has a marvelous game.") He makes it a point, he says, to try to see the president at least once a day, and he has his patient trained to tell him whenever he has a minor ache, so Lukash can treat it quickly before it gets any worse. For our presidents, of course, having a fellow like Lukash around is pleasant. This constant, obsessive medical attention for themselves and their families feeds their sense of self-importance, and doesn't cost them a penny in medical insurance. And they get a free tennis partner in the bargain. Whether it is necessary, or even wise, to have a doctor dogging the president's every step is a tougher question.

The question that interests me most, though, is why a man trained for a sophisticated medical practice, able to cure real sickness and alleviate real suffering, would rather play school nurse. "Every day I've been here has brought a new challenge," Lukash said the day I talked to him. But from what I can tell, the most difficult challenge he faces is trying to stay awake all day. For all the hours he spends in waiting, the fact is that Rear Admiral William Lukash doesn't have much to do all day. "It's not a very demanding job," said one person who had seen him in action during the Ford years. "All I've ever seen him do is read magazines," said a White House staffer from the Carter era. Some people are attracted to the White House for power, but Lukash has less than he did as chief of gastroenterology at Bethesda 15 years ago. Others want to make policy, but Lukash doesn't do that either. He doesn't get much inside skinny about crucial world events. (But he does get to hear about deaths. According to Bill Gulley, who once headed the White House military office, Lukash was the first to know that LBJ had died. "That's right, Bill," Lukash told Gulley, "Big Ears is dead.") And Lukash certainly hasn't kept the job because of its medical challenges. The big issues Lukash has faced have been things like: Should Ford keep smoking his pipe? (Yes, Lukash decided—it relaxes him.) Should Nixon go to Egypt despite his phlebitis? (Yes—the importance of the trip outweighs the personal danger.) Should Jimmy Carter run in the marathon? (Yes again—he's a good runner and it relaxes him.) Yes, Mr. President. Yes, Mr. President. Yes, Mr. President.

No, the reason Lukash has stayed at the White House for all this time is that he really likes hanging around presidents even though he has nothing to do while hanging around them. As Gulley says, "There's always a thrill when you get on Air Force One, or walk out into the Rose Garden, or do things like that. I was susceptible to it, and I'm sure Bill Lukash was too." Lukash himself speaks of being "awed every time I walk in this place." He likes the idea that he played golf with Ford, and tennis with Carter, and traveled all over the world with both of them, and in general, *knew them personally*. For this, he has more or less thrown away a serious medical career. And no doubt he really does see it as vital work, even if 90 percent of it is spent reading *People* magazine.

IN FACT, a case can be made, though you'll never hear Lukash making it, that America would be better off without its first physician. A first physician, hovering around all the time, can get pretty close to the first family, and that might cause him to lose his judgment now and again. Sheila Weidenfeld, in her memoirs, strongly implies that the doctor's close relationship with Betty Ford caused him to be too loose with the Valium. She claims that Betty's obvious lapses late in the campaign were caused by her habit of washing down a Valium with a drink. Lukash says that this is hogwash and that Betty was merely suffering from "fatigue." As to what happened to her after she left the White House, well, that wasn't his department anymore, was it?

Lukash leaves the White House with an overwhelming sense of admiration for the men he has served. He admires the way Carter studies the trees in the Rose Garden. He admires the way Nixon drew "strength from his family and deep belief in religion" during Watergate. He admires the way Gerald Ford skis. He admires the "depth" of all them, and their devotion to their job, and the way they overcome jet lag, and the way they have taught themselves to take catnaps. He says he tries not to root for *his* president at reelection time, but he admits that it is hard. They're all just so doggone admirable.

Most of all, he admires their health. Lukash has a theory that presidents and men like them—"Highly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Successful Executives," he calls them—get sick less than the rest of us because they have developed good health habits and have learned different ways to relax, which keeps them from getting nasty things like ulcers. (Of course, they also don't have the boss yelling at them all the time, since they *are* the boss, but Lukash insists this has nothing to do with it.) Lukash has become fascinated with happy, healthy, highly successful executives, and that's what he wants to write his book about. (Attention, all you agents.) He wants to call it "Stress in High Places," and to flesh it out he plans to use anecdotes about the highly successful executives he has come to know—Carter, Ford, Nixon, Johnson, Sadat, Mao, and so on. The book will be full of stories about how, for example, Carter listens to symphonic music while reading 300-page memos, and how Ford used to swim to relax. It sounds like a major medical breakthrough, worthy of the nation's first physician.

Joseph Nocera

Joseph Nocera is a contributing editor of the *Washington Monthly*.

A nuclear detective story.

La Bombe

As if to celebrate the arrival of the Antarctic spring, a brilliant flash of light illuminated the dawn of September 22, 1979, in the southern hemisphere. The White House prefers to believe it was all done by mirrors, but almost everyone else in the US scientific and intelligence communities thinks that this marvel in the South Indian Ocean was caused by a nuclear explosion. No authorities abroad have publicly supported the White House interpretation. The Dutch foreign minister said publicly that he did not believe Cyrus Vance's assurance that the flash was a natural phenomenon. There are other capable intelligence organizations and scientific observers all over the globe, and all have been silent. No one seems to be eager to identify the culprit or the type of weapon.

There were widespread suspicions at first that Israel and/or South Africa were responsible for the burst. Both these countries were extremely vehement in their denials. There was some evidence of a political nature that India was responsible. But with only circumstantial clues to tag any particular nation, the episode seems to have been largely forgotten—by the US and practically everyone else.

The double-pulse flash of light of the type produced by a nuclear explosion was seen by a US nuclear test detection satellite. From the nature of the pulse, it was estimated that the power of the explosion was just a small fraction of the Hiroshima bomb—perhaps a fifth. The actual location of the flash could not be limited beyond a 3,000-mile-wide circle covering the Indian Ocean, the South Atlantic, the southern tip of Africa, and a small part of Antarctica. Within this area lie the Kerguelen Islands, an archipelago in the southern Indian Ocean. The archipelago consists of the main island, sometimes known as Desolation Island, and about 300 small islets scattered over an area of almost 3,000 square miles. The islands are administered by France. Since 1950 the French have maintained a small scientific center with a staff of about 100 in Kerguelen. At one time the islands were under serious consideration by France as a nuclear testing site. The French extensively surveyed the area for this purpose before they decided on Polynesia.

Besides the flash of light there was no other real confirmation that a nuclear explosion had taken place. At first, there was no telltale detection of radioactivity; for very low-yield explosions in the southern hemisphere, such detection is difficult. This lack of radioactivity gave rise to speculation that the explosion might have been a test of a neutron bomb. Designed to minimize the unwanted effects of tactical nuclear weapons, neutron bombs are designed to have as small a fission component as possible and therefore little fallout.

Proceeding from the hypothesis that it was a neutron warhead, who might the detonator have been? Since there never has been any verifiable evidence that the South Africans have conducted any nuclear tests at all, it seems unlikely that they would make their first test (or even their fourth or fifth) a relatively sophisticated neutron warhead. Also, for what it's worth, South Africa has signed the Limited Test Ban Treaty. That Israel, perhaps in complicity with South Africa, conceived and executed the test seems equally unlikely. Israel is also a party to the treaty banning tests in the atmosphere. To take the risk of violating this treaty, especially in the Camp David atmosphere, would seem hardly worthwhile.

Another suspect is India. It has conducted at least one nuclear test, a fission device of far greater yield than a neutron bomb. India also has ratified the test ban treaty and might have been reluctant to risk adverse world opinion by violating it. And it would have been sporty indeed, and compounding the overall risk, to go from an unrelated fission bomb program to a neutron test.

But now take France. For the French there would be a much different risk equation. France always has refused to sign the Limited Test Ban Treaty. (Several years ago, primarily to placate New Zealand and Australia, the French went underground with their testing in Polynesia in order to eliminate atmospheric radioactive contamination.) But if France were caught conducting an atmospheric test, however low the yield, there would be some embarrassing political ramifications. (Of course the Chinese continue to test large-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yield devices in the atmosphere, with apparent disdain for world opinion.) So if the French wanted to test a neutron device in the atmosphere, they might well decide to avoid their usual Polynesian proving grounds and choose a place where the risk of detection was low and where suspicions might normally be directed toward other countries.

Even before September 1979 many nuclear observers were convinced for a long time that France has embarked upon a neutron bomb program. But there was no official admission of this until in June 1980, when France announced that it had tested such a weapon, but not when and where. Before this confession, certain French officials had gone out of their way to ridicule the neutron bomb concept, stating that France's nuclear policies had no room for such weapons. Obviously the government was doing the best it could to keep the program secret.

The atmospheric test ban has made it difficult to confirm from real observation the theoretically calculated effects of the neutron warheads developed by the US. If the US decided to begin stockpiling neutron warheads, such a decision would not be based on any precise understanding of what effect they would have if used.

The best way to measure these effects, and maximize the effectiveness of the bomb, would be an atmospheric test. If the French decided to conduct such a test on one of the Kerguelen islets, they wouldn't have needed a large task force. The entire operation could have been contained on one small supply ship (maybe even one of those normally supplying the Kerguelen scientific group). The equipment for measuring the explosion and its effects could have been installed quickly. The device could have been hoisted up to the desired altitude by a balloon. (The French have done this many times at their Polynesian site.) Since neutron bombs detonated at appropriate altitudes for minimizing civilian damage—their purpose—do not produce dangerous residual radioactivity at ground level, the test area could be reentered immediately to pick up the equipment and other odds and ends. And back to France with the desired information.

President Giscard d'Estaing has declared that no neutron bomb production decision would come before 1982 or 1983, but there seems to be little doubt that France will build this bomb. The French have been very serious about their neutron bomb program since it began in 1976, and it is quite conceivable that a pragmatic decision was made to test the bomb in the atmosphere before coming to any production decision.

If the French are guilty as charged, what are they guilty of—other than being a bit evasive? Have they done anything that could be labeled wrong, or not in the interests of mankind? Perhaps not. It is improbable that harmful amounts of radioactivity have come down anywhere in the world. And as another indication that someone had thought of every angle, the test occurred below the Antarctic confluence, where fallout (little as it probably was) on Antarctic waters would flow under the south-moving waters and vanish.

A larger judgment about a French neutron bomb test would depend on a judgment about the desirability of making those weapons. One such judgment was made in 1977 by President Carter, who wrote to Senator John Stennis:

> It must be recognized that NATO is a defensive alliance which might have to fight on its own territory. Our aggressor should be faced with uncertainty as to whether NATO would use nuclear weapons against its forward echelons. For these purposes, the capability for discrete application of force—which ER weapons [Enhanced Radiation weapons—i.e. neutron weapons] may provide—present (at least in this sense) an attractive option.

Carter later changed his mind, but the logic of his original view is not indefensible.

The US government should be greatly relieved if it turns out that the French were responsible for that mysterious flash. From the beginning the episode has made our government very uncomfortable. The reason for this official discomfort was the fear that the test signaled a new member of the "nuclear club." But if France, long a nuclear weapons power, was the perpetrator, aside from the matter of gentlemen going back on their word, this particular anxiety would be gone.

S. T. Cohen

S. T. Cohen is a nuclear physicist who originated the idea of the neutron bomb.

A talk with Jonas Savimbi.

Reagan's African Ally

Ronald Reagan has an army of black supporters in Africa: the roughly 10,000-man guerrilla force under the command of UNITA leader Jonas Savimbi in Angola. We spoke to Savimbi at a secret location deep inside the Angolan bush late in December, where we had gone following the announcement that UNITA forces had shot down a Soviet Antonov-26 transport plane and captured two members of the Russian crew. Reagan's victory, Savimbi told us, "was the best news we had heard since we launched our struggle against Soviet-Cuban imperialism five years ago. . . ."

Like the Afghanis fighting the Red Army in their own country, Savimbi hopes that the change of administration in Washington will make it possible for him to step up his campaign against the Russians and their Cuban proxies, a campaign that already has given him control over at least half of Angola. He has every

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reason to be pleased at Carter's departure, for Savimbi received surprisingly cavalier treatment when he came to Washington in late 1979. "Dr. Brzezinski refused to see me, despite several urgent requests from other personalities I had seen: the AFL-CIO's Lane Kirkland, former defense and energy secretary James Schlesinger, former secretary of state Henry Kissinger, and senators Sam Nunn and Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Finally, it was suggested that the assistant secretary of state for Africa, Richard Moose, should at least give me the courtesy of an audience, but that too was refused." Moose sent two aides to Savimbi's hotel, but their outspoken hostility to his cause made Savimbi wonder what was going on.

"They said I was wasting my time," he told me, "and that the Carter administration did not want to be bothered by UNITA. They even said mine was a lost cause, and that I should give it up. They asked me why I was afraid of communism. My reply was that I was not fighting communism, but rather Soviet-Cuban colonialism, a foreign source of misery for my country. One of Moose's fellows said that he had been to Ethiopia and that Marxism had restored peace and tranquillity and improved life for everyone there."

Savimbi was so alarmed by his trip to the United States that he had considered abandoning his fight if Carter were reelected. But now he believes things are going to change, and that he is going to win his fight against the Russians and the Cubans. If what Savimbi told us was true—and Western intelligence sources we spoke to have confirmed his claims in detail—the tide has recently turned in UNITA's favor, even in areas where the Cuban forces had long felt secure. In mid-November, for example, UNITA forces overran an all-Cuban garrison, at Belem Dohuambo (south of Huambo), for the first time in five years. As a result of this and another successful attack against a mixed Cuban-MPLA post at Savate in May, UNITA forces have captured a total of 17 Russian SAM-7 missiles, along with two launchers. With these missiles, Savimbi and his men have put the Russians on notice that the Angolan skies are no longer friendly to them. Three Antonov-26s and five M18 helicopters were brought down in November alone, and an even dozen Russian aircraft were hit in the last three months of 1980—a figure confirmed by the two Russian crew members to whom we spoke at great length in Savimbi's camp.

"You see what we've done with 17 SAM-7s," Savimbi boasted to us, "just think what we could do with 200 or 300. The Cubans are afraid to move by road. Luanda has publicly conceded that we are active in all the main centers. Soon the Cubans will be afraid to move by air. And that will be the beginning of the end of their presence in Africa."

Savimbi stresses that current Cuban ambitions are large indeed. In a recent published interview Cuban vice president Carlos Rafael Rodriguez (second in the line of succession to Fidel Castro) spoke of an African commitment that would go far beyond Angola, Mozambique, Ethiopia, and Namibia. According to Savimbi, Rodriguez spoke of sending Cuban troops to support a revolutionary black African National Congress regime in Pretoria, of Cuban troops supporting guerrilla warfare against whites in South Africa, helping maintain revolutionary law and order in Johannesburg, and putting Cuban artillery in place on Table Mountain in Capetown.

According to Miguel Garcia Enamorado, a 21-year-old Cuban second lieutenant captured by UNITA, there are now over 30,000 Cubans in Angola. And every time 90 Cubans are taken out, 100 come to replace them. But they are having a hard time against Savimbi, despite the lack of effective American support. East Germany has shipped 25 diesel locomotives to the Luanda regime, Savimbi said, and UNITA has produced 23 wrecks with their delayed-action mines, "far more effective than blowing up bridges, as we used to do."

THE RUSSIANS who survived the attack on their transport plane are well aware of UNITA's strength, even though they had to come to Africa to learn that there was a war going on. One of them, an Asian-looking pilot named Kolia Abdukhamanovich Mollavey, told us that "I didn't know there was a war. . . . The conditions seemed attractive. In addition to my regular army salary of 300 rubles a month, I was to receive a monthly credit of 500 dollars (in dollars), which I could use to buy special food in a hard-currency store for foreigners, and then have the balance credited to my account in the Soviet Union." Nonetheless, his formal contract—like the one signed by the other survivor, an engineer named Ivan Chernietsky—said he would be flying only civilian missions. Our interpreter—a Frenchman fluent in Russian—told us that the Russians provide all pilots with such documents, in order to able to deny the military nature of their activity in Angola and other third world countries.

What will happen to these Russians? Savimbi insists that he will release them only in exchange for some of his own prisoners held by the MPLA regime in Luanda. In the meantime, they will have to deal with the long and venomous snakes that populate the Angolan bush, and with the unaccustomed diet of antelope and buffalo meat we sampled in the UNITA camp. Judging from the insouciance with which UNITA moves in that part of the country, there is little likelihood of a rescue mission, particularly since the five-month rainy season is about to start.

From the standpoint of the Reagan administration, a Savimbi win in Angola—evidently within the realm of possibility—obviously would be a great boost to morale, and might serve notice to other countries that the wind may be beginning to blow from the West at long last. Reagan has told intimates that he believes the country is starved for some successes, and he undoubtedly would love to see Savimbi strike a blow

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against the Cubans and Russians in Africa. But how can he do it? The Clark Amendment specifically forbids any covert action in Angola without congressional approval, and this puts the president-elect between a rock and a hard place: if he goes to Congress, he risks leaks and subsequent embarrassment for himself and Savimbi. Yet to fail to support UNITA would send a vast shock wave through similar organizations. It is unthinkable that a new administration would undertake covert support of Savimbi without congressional approval, knowing that there are scores of people just waiting for such an opportunity to strike out at the "cold warriors" now taking power in Washington. Perhaps Reagan will choose the course many feel Ford should have taken in 1975: go public, ask for explicit congressional approval, and announce American support for Jonas Savimbi.

Arnaud de Borchgrave
Michael Ledeen

Arnaud de Borchgrave was chief foreign correspondent for *Newsweek*. *Michael Ledeen* is executive editor of the *Washington Quarterly*.

The media pontiff is losing his good press.

The Imperial Pope

by Kati Marton

It has been a while since any newspaper headline anointed John Paul II as the pope with the whole world in his hands. This amiable and athletic prelate retains his natural ability to transfix an audience. But two years after his startling election as history's first Polish pope, there is a growing ambivalence about the former archbishop of Krakow.

It is no longer just the troublesome church gadflies like Hans Küng or Edward Schillebeeckx who sound alarms about the pope's disheartening conservatism. Church moderates of all stripes also worry that this pontiff may have adopted a policy of irreversible reaction. They fear that the pope does not really believe in collegiality, that synods like the one 216 bishops were summoned to Rome to attend late last year are an idle exercise. John Paul II, many now feel, has inaugurated an imperial papacy.

A ghost hovered over the stark, modern Vatican hall where bishops from all over the world spent most of the month of October. It was not the Holy Ghost, but the ghost of *Humanae Vitae* never left the synod. This controversial encyclical bans "unnatural" birth control, and states that each and every marriage act must be open to the transmission of life. (Sex outside marriage does not officially exist for Roman Catholics.)

Many of the bishops arrived in Rome last fall with high hopes for reinterpreting this troublesome legacy of Paul VI. Many of them blame the rigid doctrine of *Humanae Vitae* for the dramatic erosion in church support since 1968. That was the year Pope Paul ignored the advice of two committees of bishops as well as the findings of his own special commission on birth control, and drafted the *Humanae Vitae*. Catholic church attendance in the West has been declining ever since.

The American bishops brought to Rome what many of them regarded as irrefutable evidence. While the Holy Father sat and listened, Archbishop John Quinn of San Francisco presented his statistics. In the United States, 80 percent of Catholic women use contraceptives. Only 29 percent of American priests believe that contraception is intrinsically immoral. Just 13 percent of American priests would deny absolution to those who use artificial contraception. Cardinal Basil Hume, the archbishop of Westminster (head of the Catholic church in England) followed. Most Roman Catholics, he told his fellow bishops and the pope, "cannot accept the total prohibition of the use of artificial means of contraception." It is not fair to say simply "that these persons have failed to overcome their human frailty and weakness. The problem is more complex than that." These people, the British churchman concluded, "are often good, conscientious, and faithful sons and daughters of the church." These statements created a widespread feeling of exhilaration. At last these long-held, long-suppressed views were getting aired.

The bishops were not asking for a complete repudiation of the *Humanae Vitae*. The 2,000-year-old church does not make such sweeping gestures. They simply were pointing out, as archbishop Quinn put it, "that Paul VI himself did not consider this the last word on the subject." Let the church, Quinn urged, "put the encyclical in terms people can understand." Twenty-one expert witnesses were called on to discuss family

Kati Marton writes from Europe for the *Atlantic Monthly* and other publications.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

planning methods in keeping with what the bishops felt were church demands and the people's needs.

The pope was unimpressed. Though the *Humanae Vitae* is not considered infallible church doctrine, and thus could be shaped to conform to changing times, John Paul II, when he stopped listening and addressed the bishops himself, showed he was personally unwilling to tamper with the traditional church dogma. "You could hear the door on change slam shut. Bang." says one American priest who attended the synod.

All couples, the pope stressed, "are called to holiness in marriage." The pontiff seemed to be proposing marriage as a heroic ideal. In fact, he compared marriage to the priesthood in its sanctity and said priests would not easily be released from their vows since the church holds husbands and wives to theirs. "As far as the pope is concerned," says Father Vincent O'Keefe, a high-ranking Jesuit based in Rome, "the *Humanae Vitae* is firm and fixed."

The general of the Jesuits, Father Pedro Arrupe, attempted to soften this harsh dogmatism. He suggested that a tendency toward an ideal, rather than its achievement, is all that should be expected of frail mortals. Father Arrupe quoted Pascal on Jesus, "You would not be seeking me if you had not already found me." But the pope came down hard against this gradualist approach. He did not comment on the plight of the thousands of disenchanted Catholics, the "good, conscientious, and faithful," referred to by Cardinal Hume, who cannot meet him on the mount, but who wish nonetheless to remain in the church. The church, John Paul II made clear, will not meet them halfway. Nor did the pope acknowledge any link between *Humanae Vitae* and the terrible poverty in those parts of Christendom where births are a matter left entirely to divine providence.

There appears to be an equally wide gulf between the pope's views and the views of his Western bishops concerning the role of women. The American bishops had prepared a fairly forward-looking document on the status of women for the synod. While stopping short of women's ordination, the American clergy accorded women equal status in all other areas. Not so the pope. Consistent with his East European heritage, John Paul II sees the woman exclusively as the heart of the hearth, nurturing and caring for her family. The professional woman is, to this pope, anathema—an absurd figure, "slavishly imitating" her male model, and rejecting her "specific vocation" as wife and mother.

Hans Küng recently challenged the pope on these views in an open letter printed in newspapers around the world. "Can we credibly stand up for women's rights in modern society, " Küng asks, "when in the Church women continue to be treated as subjects with inferior rights?" Küng is wrong here in ascribing to the pope any semblance of support for women's rights before finding his feminism wanting. John Paul II simply does not believe that women should be "liberated" from their traditional roles. He feels this liberation is being forced on them and is having grave consequences. Among the most serious, in the pope's view, is the alarming divorce rate, which he blames almost entirely on the women's liberation movement. The pope's view of women is highly colored by his strong feelings for the Virgin Mary and the special place she always has occupied in his theology.

drawing by Vint Lawrence

The pope's attitude toward women as not necessarily inferior to, but vastly different from, men was evident in his recent controversial remarks on adultery. These came during one of the pontiff's Wednesday morning audiences, which lately he's been using as a forum for his views on human sexuality. On this particular occasion, the pope warned men not to lust after their own wives. "Adultery in the heart is committed not only because a man looks in a certain way at a woman who is not his wife," he pronounced, "but precisely because he is looking at a woman that way. Even if he were to look that way at his wife, he would be committing adultery." The most sympathetic Vati-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can observers said these views emerged from the pope's special regard for women, rooted in his Polish Catholicism. The pope, these observers maintain, was showing his tender concern for women, and his feeling that they must never be treated as mere possessions or sex objects, but as cherished individuals. Few observers could muster this much sympathy.

Nowhere does the pope treat the demands of frail flesh with less patience than on the subject of divorce. Officially, divorce is not a problem for the Roman Catholic church. It simply is not done. Until now, the Vatican's way of dealing with irretrievably broken unions has been through the tortured route of annulments. In the last decade, these Vatican-sanctioned dispensations have increased 5,000 percent. John Paul II is about to change that. One of the pontiff's closest advisers, the curial conservative Cardinal Pericle Felici—who, as head of the Apostolic Signatura, is sort of the chief justice of the Holy See—says this alarming leniency toward annulments "damages the family," and will stop.

On the far broader issue of the fate of millions of Catholics who have divorced and remarried despite church dogma, the pope was equally unbending. Canadian cardinal Emmet Carter had urged the synod to study the orthodox church's more tolerant method of readmitting the remarried to the sacraments. Several Scandinavian bishops echoed this plea for a more generous treatment of divorced Catholics. The pope, in response, said that the divorced may share in the life of the church "by praying, hearing the word . . . by promoting charity and justice." But under only one condition may these Catholics be admitted to the sacraments—that is, participate as anything more than passive observers of church rituals: if "such a man and woman take on the duty of living in total continence, that is abstain from acts that are proper only to married couples, and when there is no scandal." In other words, total chastity, a life as brother and sister, is the price of admission to the altar of the stern God whose earthly shepherd now sits on the throne of Saint Peter. The pope does not seem to recognize that, to most of his flock, a life of platonic harmony with another person is not the same thing as marriage.

National Book Critics Circle Awards

Two *New Republic* contributors have won National Book Critics awards for books published in 1980. The award for fiction went to Shirley Hazzard for *The Transit of Venus* (Viking/Penguin). The award for general nonfiction went to Ronald Steel for *Walter Lippmann and the American Century* (Atlantic/Little, Brown). Two other *TNR* contributing editors were nominated for awards, Paul Fussell for *Abroad: British Literary Traveling Between the Wars* (Oxford University Press) and Anne Tyler for *Morgan's Passing* (Knopf).

"The Holy Father is not just repeating age-old church formulas," says Father Vincent O'Keefe. "He's voicing his own views as to what love and responsibility should be. He's no rubber stamper." How will bishops translate these astringent views on sex, sin, and the sacraments into practice, once back home? Well, that "will be tough," Father O'Keefe admits. Many American clergymen will pay minimal attention to the pope's highly retrograde views on women, divorce, and contraception. "We're miles ahead of the pope on all of these issues," one synod participant said.

That church liberals chafe under this pope's reign is no surprise. But the wide middle is increasingly dissatisfied as well. The respected London-based international Catholic journal, the *Tablet*, in a recent editorial, claims that the pope's acceptance of *Humanae Vitae* as "unquestionable, and yet as demonstrably unworkable, leaves a gap between practice and doctrine which is agonizingly clear."

FEW OF THE bishops who left the autumn synod did so with an élan like the one that carried them home after those exhilarating days of John XXIII's Second Vatican Council. But members of the Curia, which administers the Vatican and is sheltered from the ferment in the minds and hearts of millions of Catholics, appeared satisfied. They have come into their own. Cardinal Felici, who has worked tirelessly since Vatican II to dilute its more potent effects, seems now to have carte blanche in doing so. When the synod fathers presented a battery of grim statistics about the third world's unchecked population explosion, Cardinal Felici blandly declared that statistics mean nothing. The confusion that had overgrown church dogma and practice during the final years of Paul VI has evaporated. So has the spirit of Vatican II.

There is a new element of secrecy and even fear that comes out in conversations with church leaders. The pope ordered the bishops to keep secret the 43 propositions put forward at their synod on issues like birth control, marriage, and divorce. After Archbishop Quinn's forthright statement that American priests face "grave personal problems" over the *Humanae Vitae*, many bishops wrote letters to the pope disavowing any connection to Quinn's views, pledging their unflinching support of the pope's stand. Quinn himself ended up apologizing to the pope and said he wished the whole subject would just go away. For the remainder of the synod, "the sting was taken out of Quinn," one observer said.

During the recent US National Conference of Bishops, held in Washington, DC, Quinn went a step further in his self-repudiation. "Certain positions reaffirmed by the synod fathers," Quinn told his fellow American bishops, "admittedly do not conform to the views and ideologies of some commentators and observers to the synod." So much for the statistics, presented by Quinn himself, showing that 80 percent of American Catholics "do not conform to the views

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and ideologies" of the church ban on birth control. "But to assert that a representative body of the world's bishops was forced into a given position or acted in sheer hypocrisy," Quinn concluded, "is both uncivil and untrue."

More and more American Roman Catholic clergy will be adopting a policy of benign neglect toward the Vatican. The pope's teaching will be stated but, in most cases, not enforced. "Nothing will change," one midwestern priest said. "For us it's business as usual." It's a long way from Rome to Milwaukee.

Even those who continue to admire John Paul II admit he may have already lost a great deal of effectiveness. But they point to his deep faith and his reflective, philosophical bent. They take comfort in the fact that by papal standards he is still very new in office. And there is his other side. The pope has attacked the pursuit of profit for its own sake, the inhuman materialism of the consumer society, and the undue concentration of wealth in the hands of the few, at the expense of the many. And he retains an ability to turn a reserved crowd into a cheering chorus. Very few politicians share this gift.

But it's too late for the motto *roma locuta, causa finita.* The bishops, priests, and the faithful can no longer be dealt with as so many appendages of the Vatican. It is too tender a moment in the church's life for its leader not to listen to the painful stirrings of growth and change. The bishops who write letters disavowing any connection to the few who stand up and speak their minds do not necessarily serve the Holy Father's best interests. Karol Wojtyla, a son of Poland, is too familiar with examples of central authority that spent itself by ignoring the sounds of discontent for too long.

Why lawsuits are such fun.

Welcome to Litigation

by Jerold S. Auerbach

In the future, each American will receive a law degree at birth, followed immediately by a court calendar date for his or her inevitable appearance as a litigant. Now that disgruntled sports fans sue referees, children sue their parents, parishioners sue clergymen, and even non-divorcing spouses sue each other (as, for example, when a husband neglected to shovel snow and his wife slipped and injured herself), litigation has become an inevitable stage in the life cycle—slightly beyond adolescence but before maturity. It is virtually impossible to survive litigation and remain solvent, but it is occasionally possible to endure it and remain sane. As a modern ordeal by torture, litigation excels: it is exorbitantly expensive, agonizingly slow, and exquisitely designed to avoid any resemblance to fairness or justice. Yet, in strange and devious ways, it does settle disputes—to everyone's dissatisfaction. As with any other journey through agony (although algebra and root canal work seem mild by comparison), knowledgeable anticipation of the hazards may at least provide the comfort of shared misery.

Anyone who seriously contemplates becoming a plaintiff, or who cannot avoid being named a defendant, may be reassured to learn that only two sorts of tormentors inhabit the legal abyss: lawyers and judges. A myth of adversary relations proudly proclaims the virtues of diligent counsel single-mindedly representing the client's interest. From this clash of opposites a neutral judge (or jury) will discern the truth and render a just verdict. But even lawyers, if gently pressed, will concede that adversary proceedings are to truth-finding what spinach is to muscles: unrelated. Litigants will quickly discover that neither lawyers nor judges can possibly fulfill their mythical roles. Not only must a client's interests compete aggressively (and often unsuccessfully) for the attorney's attention; the judge is too inhibited by personal and institutional constraints to do more than ratify a settlement that will displease both parties. In fact, attorneys and judges, like litigants, constantly experience feelings of intense helplessness, which the litigation process systematically encourages.

In the desperate struggle for control amid chaos, the litigant is especially disadvantaged. The first task is to choose an attorney. Every lawyer knows that an attorney who represents himself has a fool for a client. Every client should know that he will obtain no more justice than he can afford, and perhaps less. Locating a lawyer is simple: with half a million of them in the United States, it is only slightly more difficult than

Jerold S. Auerbach is a professor of history at Wellesley College and author of *Unequal Justice* (Oxford University Press).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finding mosquitos in a swamp. But there are no reliable guidelines for selection, and the consequences of a mistake may be dire. Beyond chance recommendations, the prospective litigant shops blindly for counsel without knowing what attributes are vital and without any opportunity to assess them until long after a commitment is made and the retainer fee is paid. Shopping around has everything to recommend it but time, money, and aggravation. Without standards for judgment, the wider the selection the more difficult the decision. Even assuming considerable knowledge of the right questions to ask, a rigorous interview of a prospective attorney is likely to elicit resistance. No lawyer wants to abdicate control and few are prepared to share it. So the selection process is random, frustrating, and certain to generate anxiety—perfect preparation for participation in legal proceedings.

THE BASIC problem is trust. The client, plunged into an unfamiliar and intimidating situation, feels totally dependant. Lawyers lack the majesty and mystery of special clothing (white coat, clerical collar, or academic gown), but they do monopolize access to courts and their language is unmistakably foreign. The client must transform the power imbalance from a cause of intimidation to a source of energy. The appropriate boundaries are difficult to establish with precision. A novice client, by definition, wanders through unfamiliar terrain in which the hazards seem random and even the procedures, so logical to any lawyer, seem hazardous. At the extremes, timidity is as destructive as belligerence. (And why fight with your attorney when the legal system generously assures an adversary?) As in any successful relationship, however, client and attorney must engage in mutual struggle toward a common goal. In litigation that goal ought to be the client's interest, as the client defines that interest. The more control the attorney retains, the worse the client will feel—and, the evidence suggests, the worse he will fare in protecting his own interests.

As the client increases participation and reduces dependence, a related set of problems arises. Is the attorney defending the client, or some institutional interest in a settlement, or even a network of professional relationships among attorneys? The answer varies. A client who assumes only the first (which is all that the fee covers), and overlooks the other possibilities, will probably be puzzled and surely disadvantaged at critical stages of the negotiation process. In fact, the attorney is pulled by competing interests.

Client representation may pay the piper but it does not always call the tune. Lawyers develop relationships with other lawyers which must be nurtured at the risk of a miserable professional existence. So requests to delay or amend are routinely granted, even if they are not always in the client's best interest. Most individual clients, after all, pass through the attorney's office only once, but the lawyers must sustain a continuing relationship for the duration of their professional lives. At some moment in the litigation process, the client is likely to encounter resistance from his attorney to doing something that is entirely inconsequential, reasonable, and procedurally appropriate, because doing it will inconvenience or offend opposing counsel. Favors, of course, are returned; but it is random whether a client will benefit or suffer from the spinning wheel of professional reciprocity.

A more excruciating variation on the conflict-of-interest theme recurs during settlement negotiations. Direct encounters can be disastrous. Anyone who has ever endured a meeting between two attorneys and their respective clients will instantly identify with those monks who chose the solitude of wilderness caves. These confrontations seem diabolically designed to lock the parties into rigidly contentious extremes and to encourage the least effective forms of adversarial posturing. Alternatively, the lawyers will negotiate in the privacy of each other's company, a process which causes fear of betrayal in all but the most intrepid, or foolhardy, clients. The basic survival tactics for any client are apparent: give precise instructions to the attorney on the bottom line (while concealing a safe margin of error); never, ever yield to settlement momentum (no matter how inexorable it seems) until at least 24 hours have elapsed, and two other lawyers and one accountant have been consulted.

It is helpful to understand why these feelings of abandonment intrude as the lawyers negotiate. Paranoia is an insufficient explanation. Even paranoid clients can perceive, quite accurately, the strong preference of their attorneys for a settlement, occasionally at their expense. The reason has nothing to do with insensitivity to the client's plight. It is not even a conspiracy between lawyers to terminate another mundane dispute which only the parties imagine to be filled with cosmic significance. Rather, as an impending court appearance looms more ominously (signaled by frenetic negotiation and intense settlement pressure), another motive emerges: fear. Lawyers often are terrified of going into court. Nowhere else do *they* feel so helpless, so imprisoned in an irrational world where the pressures—from judge, adversary, and client—are so fierce and unremitting. As long as they are negotiating a settlement, they can exert control. If, occasionally, clients are controlled in the process, pushed toward a settlement that will disadvantage them needlessly, that is a small price (for the lawyer) to pay. Knowing what lies ahead in court, the attorney may prefer to represent a settlement than to represent a client.

For any client, the most critical decisions of the litigation process relate to negotiating strategy. Nothing succeeds better than irrational greed. Clients who find it possible to control their worst impulses are severely disadvantaged. They should prepare for their ordeal by spending a month in a Middle Eastern bazaar. A morning with a car salesman will suffice, but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this is likely to cost more than round-trip air fare to the Mideast. The most self-defeating strategy is one that emanates from generosity or fairness. The legal system, which encourages competitive aggression at every turn, simply cannot tolerate such benign challenges to its value system, and relentlessly suppresses them.

Why should this be so? Primarily because the concept of justice no longer retains any intrinsic meaning for most professionals who bear responsibility for its administration in civil lawsuits. Lawyers and judges are satisfied with whatever results bargaining and negotiation produce, and suffer from the curious delusion that justice (like truth) lies midway between bargaining extremes.

Compromise, like poker, is a game whose basic rule is deception. Imagine two boys who simultaneously find a dollar bill. One proposes an equal division as the fair solution. The other (who perhaps aspires to be a successful litigant) demands all of it. An adult consultant, who believes in law and order, liberty and justice, and the efficiency of compromise, proposes the obvious solution: 25 cents for the first boy and 75 cents for the second. (On appeal the foolish youngster who proposed a fair and equitable division probably will be ordered to pay an additional 12½ cents to the boy who still adamantly insists that he is entitled to the entire dollar.) Anyone who finds this reasoning problematic will fare poorly in legal negotiations, where everyone believes that fairness, justice, and truth can be determined best through a process of dissembling and distortion. Woe unto the litigant who remembers that Solomon did *not*, after all, cut the baby in half. No one else will.

THE LITIGANT who, for any reason, is required to appear in court is unlikely to confuse anyone there with Solomon. The problem is institutional, not personal. Courthouses absorb and reflect the values of a wheeling and dealing legal culture. In the halls of justice, as more than one cynic has observed accurately, most justice is done in the halls. The pace is frenetic, the waiting endless, the din constant, and the amenities minimal. A building that once may have had the power to intimidate, or to elicit respect and even a measure of awe, now resembles a commodities exchange where settlements are traded like grain futures. Everything that transpires there seems ingeniously designed to encourage people to spend their time elsewhere—which is the point.

It is probably as disconcerting for a judge to encounter litigants as it is for litigants to appear in court. Although a day in court is touted as the crowning achievement of the Anglo-Saxon legal system, it actually represents a massive breakdown of the system. It means that every obstacle designed to deter judicial dispute settlement has failed. The parties have overcome high costs, lengthy delays, tortuous procedures, and endless negotiations, which encourage all but the most stubbornly contentious litigants to settle their dispute themselves, with the assistance of counsel. For months, if not years, they have wandered through the legal wilderness. Despite the hazards of persistence, they have emerged in precisely the wrong place: court. They have abdicated responsibility for dispute resolution to a judge, who receives them with the same cordial welcome that a cobra reserves for a mongoose.

Modern judges are curious creatures. Until they are appointed, they pursue power avidly. Once they are on the bench, however, most of them devise ingenious impediments to its exercise. At the loftiest levels of the legal stratosphere, elaborate theories of judicial self-restraint tell why a judge is a better judge the less he judges. The unquestioned assumption (and a dubious proposition) is that judicial restraint serves democratic values better than judicial activism. Adversary proceedings, which require litigants to define and defend the outer limits of their disagreement, encourage judges to seek the safety of the middle ground, between the extremes of individual selfishness.

AT THE CORE of judicial inhibitions, however, lies a constricted sense of justice. This is a pervasive problem in a pluralistic society, which must always balance competing interests lest some constituent group feel cheated. Justice becomes a compromise that will give the least offense to the most people. Any judge who rested his decisions upon independent principles of justice would seem arbitrary and capricious, indeed subversive. But it takes time to discover this. Most litigants never do, because judges conceal their constraints beneath their judicial robes and behind their brusque, occasionally authoritarian, manner. And the judge does, after all, have the power to issue orders and render verdicts, which are binding unless they are evaded, disobeyed, or reversed. The judge may seem omnipotent, or be irrascible and unpredictable, but he knows his limits. Indeed, his acceptance of them qualified him for appointment to the bench. Judges usually are molded into little wizards of Oz, whose power diminishes with proximity to its source.

It is difficult to extract meaning, to say nothing of satisfaction, from what goes on in courtrooms. Perhaps the legal system, aware of its deficiencies, has decided to encourage disputants to avoid it. Those who cannot be deterred can at least be forewarned: adversary justice is a contradiction in terms. The best that can be said for it is that it will resolve a dispute when all other nonviolent means have failed. (So, of course, will a lottery—or dice.) That is something, but it is something that should not be confused with fairness or justice. Litigation is the modern equivalent of the Darwinian struggle for survival. As in any jungle, the fittest are the most aggressive, conniving, and selfish—or they possess our civilized equivalent, money. The unfit will be devoured. But if they can relinquish their ideals and illusions about litigation, at least they will not be disappointed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Comic-Muse News

A friend of mine, French-born and versed in French culture, says that the French cultural weakness is shallow profundity. In film, the strongest support for this criticism comes from Alain Resnais. Increasingly through the years, his films have become like the legend of that wonderful French actor with the wonderful voice, sounding wonderful as he reads the telephone book.

Hiroshima Mon Amour and *Last Year at Marienbad*, seen again, are better off not seen again. The more recent ones, culminating in the velour-brained *Providence*, have been less impressive even on first viewing. Now comes *Mon Oncle d'Amérique*, the most trivial of the lot and the most apparently so because it is shorn of the former Resnais *luxe* and depends on sprightliness. Without his previous cinematic upholstery, Resnais is more nakedly banal.

He has been much impressed with the work of a French behavioral scientist named Henri Laborit, and he has woven the picture around shots of Laborit himself, discoursing to us at his desk. (The script is by the veteran Jean Gruault, but presumably the impulse for the film, as usual, was Resnais's.) Laborit may, for all I know, be a scientist of merit, but his remarks in this film are sub *Reader's Digest*; and Resnais's dramatization of Laborit's theories is so trite, so unexpanding of either our scientific knowledge or our human experience, that the effect is like those TV commercials where a wife helps her sneezing husband with some medicine, then a man in a white coat says, "Yes! Laboratory tests prove . . . Gloppo brings instant relief *faster*."

Once, to my knowledge, this interweaving of a scientist's discourse with an apposite story was well done—in Dušan Makavejev's ironic-tragic *Love Affair*. I'd bet that Resnais knows Makavejev's immensely superior film, but it hasn't helped him. The French script braids the stories of three people who are at first unacquainted: a textile executive, hard-working but dull, Gerard Depardieu; a public functionary, Roger-Pierre; and an actress of sorts, Nicole Garcia. (The title refers to a mythical relative on whom responsibilities and prospects are laden.) These three and others go through strophes of ambition, desire, competition, success, and failure, about none of which there is the slightest obscurity but all of which the doctor is lugged in to explain. If that's not enough, after we see white rats experimented with in his lab, some scenes between the characters are replayed with the actors wearing rat masks. And if *that's* not enough, shots of French film stars—Danielle Darrieux, Jean Marais, Jean Gabin—are spliced in to explain the characters' role models.

Absolutely nothing about human behavior is opened up by this film, although its portentous apparatus is a booby-trap that has already trapped some boobies. What's more to the point, as a comedy that is commented on as it goes, it's badly failed Sacha Guitry. Resnais is one of the papier-mâché monuments of cinema.

Another friend of mine said recently that, for him, *The Shining* is fundamentally an extrapolated nightmare of and about a blocked writer. Well, it's a bit difficult to sustain that thesis, but at least it gives the Kubrick film more *frisson* and rationale than it had. And no sooner had I heard this theory than along came a French film explicitly about a blocked writer.

Like a Turtle on Its Back is a more modest comedy than Resnais's and a better one. It was written by Luc Beraud and Claude Miller, co-authors of *The Best Way* which Miller directed. (It was seen here a few years ago.) Miller also collaborated on the script of *Turtle*, which Beraud directed—his first feature. The style of the script, rather than its content, and the style of the direction are interesting—for a while, anyway.

Jean-François Stevenin plays a Parisian who published a well-received novel six years earlier and who has been trying to write another book ever since. Bernadette Lafont, his wife, has gone to work in a furniture finishing shop to support them. She must be well paid: the couple don't live badly, while Stevenin scratches a bit with his pen, snoozes, goes for walks.

The first half of the picture is laid out in a succession of scenes, divided by quick fades, that are put before us like exhibits, like evidence. Trying to write and failing; trying to make love and failing; finding an afternoon girl and succeeding, to prove to himself that he's still capable; squabbles with his wife; quarrels with his wife; jokes. The effect through this first half is much like the New Novel: clinical, observant, sticking to surfaces as a comment on the quality of interiors. Beraud's direction and Stevenin's acting, astringent both, support this tonality well. Lafont is less at home in it—she's a bit too conventionally dramatic and emotional.

The second half goes wacky. The

Films Worth Seeing

Every Man for Himself. Godard returns, still iconoclastic, irritating, irreplaceable. His latest attack on conventional narrative is through a triangle story.

From the Life of the Marionettes. Ingmar Bergman, working in German, trying to understand some great questions. Answers are for lesser artists.

Kagemusha. Akira Kurosawa in the wars of 16th-century Japan. A genius at his not-quite best, still magnificent.

Raging Bull. A furious, energy-packed chunk of animal hungers, disguised as the life of a boxer. Robert De Niro and Martin Scorsese collaborate excellently.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

script throws the blocked writer into adventures that are progressively sillier, including a brush with criminals disguised as police and—after he leaves home—rooming with, sleeping platonically with, a (male) drug pusher. We're meant to infer that his blockage is driving the writer to extremes, but the extremes are not in themselves credible, so the script slips into the worst kind of latter-day French-film picaresque. And, of course, those adventures become the book he had been unable to write. So it ends with the author, finished manuscript under his arm, rejoining his wife, now that he's proved himself; and she stands waiting for him under an umbrella in the rain like a Gene Kelly doll.

Too bad. The first half had a nice, harsh, unsolicitous, intelligent air.

Neil Simon's Seems Like Old Times—its official title—ought to be called *Goldie Hawn's Seems Like Old Times*. It's another Simon original screenplay, which means that it's more organic than most of his stage plays but that it's further printout from the world's most astonishing comedy computer.

Hawn's second husband is a California district attorney with political ambition. Her ex-husband is a writer who is framed into being the getaway driver for bank robbers. All three entangle, and it's more entangling because Hawn still likes Number One and he's never stopped liking her.

Chevy Chase, slightly smug, is quite funny as Number One. Charles Grodin, slightly funny, is quite smug as Number Two. Hawn is delightful. Her previous picture, *Private Benjamin*, did a good deal, I should think, to set back women's causes: the men in it were contrived heavily to be heavies of one kind or another. But her performance had charm and sex and *gaminerie*, all handled the way a skillful pianist handles frisky runs. Everything she did there she does at least as well in *Old Times*, plus a new quality, some good straight competent-woman stuff. She can do farce with the believable fright underneath that farce must have; she can do comedy with real tickle; and she has enough emotion to deal touchingly with anything that has been asked of her so far. Even her once-rabbity features seem to be taking on better definition. She's the best sexy comic actress since the still-lamented Kay Kendall.

Robert Brustein on theater

The Triumph of Mediocrity

Peter Shaffer's *Amadeus* (Broadhurst Theater) is about the ravaging of genius by mediocrity. This seems to be not only the subject of the play, but also its basic motivation. At the same time that the central character—a second-rate kapellmeister named Antonio Salieri—is plotting against the life and reputation of a superior composer named Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, a secondary playwright named Peter Shaffer is reducing this genius, one of the greatest artists of all time, to the level of a simpering, braying ninny. Is the malcontented court composer, Salieri, secretly intended as a portrait of the author as an envious man, caught in a moment of self-hatred? If so, *Amadeus* embodies not only Salieri's revenge on Mozart but also Shaffer's revenge on genuine art and primary artists. In the way it slanders Mozart, *Amadeus* might also be interpreted as accomplishing for Salieri, 150 years after his death, what he could not achieve in his lifetime. The Pirandellian implications of the situation are positively dazzling. I left the theater uncertain as to who had actually written the play.

I do not mean to suggest that Mr. Shaffer is another "patron saint of mediocrity"—the self-definition he gives to Salieri. He is far too clever for that—and much too shrewd a writer. He is not, however, an artist, and like his central character, he seems to have the sense to know it. Like Salieri, too, he has often been praised for slick, superficial work—for achieving greatness when all he does is impersonate it. In a sensitive man, undeserved praise can generate contempt—contempt for one's deluded admirers, contempt for one's inadequate talent. This contempt gives the play its only real heat and energy; it is the fuel for Salieri's venomous hatred.

It is fairly well known that Salieri plotted against Mozart and successfully blocked his advancement with the emperor Joseph. Mozart died believing that Salieri had poisoned him; the rumor was current enough to inspire an opera by Rimsky-Korsakov called *Mozart and Salieri*. Most commentators reject the imputation, citing the affection of Beethoven and Schubert for the old Salieri, and the fact that he denied the poisoning on his deathbed. Shaffer also rejects the idea of a literal poisoning, suggesting instead that Salieri poisoned Mozart with hatred. In *Amadeus* he constructs a Byzantine maze of intrigue, making Salieri responsible for the near-cancellation of *The Marriage of Figaro* (actually, it was the emperor who worried about the opera because he felt threatened by the democratic sentiments of the Beaumarchais work on which it was based), and for persuading Mozart to include Masonic secrets in *The Magic Flute* so that the society would repudiate him. He also has him appear to Mozart on his deathbed, in a black cloak and mask, disguised as the mysterious stranger who had commissioned the *Requiem* (Mozart believed this apparition to be the messenger of death, though it later turned out to be the emissary of a Count Walsegg). In short, Shaffer is always prepared to sacrifice historical fact for a good melodramatic climax. Salieri scares Mozart to death by pretending to be the Stone Statue from *Don Giovanni* inviting the composer to supper; he later admits to having poisoned Mozart because he hopes to achieve immortality with a false confession; and finally, having unsuccessfully attempted suicide, he implicates us all in his hatred of genius and his inescapable mediocrity.

The question whether Mr. Shaffer has violated history is not really of great moment. None of his factual liberties would be very serious had he produced a work of genuine imagination. But, and I suspect he knows this, *Amadeus* is no more the important play it has been proclaimed than *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* is *Waiting For Godot*. Like Tom Stoppard, Peter Shaffer manufactures smart impersonations—in this case an over-inflated costume drama masquerading as a tragedy. Shaffer, in fact, like Stoppard, reminds me of Beaumont and Fletcher in the way he disguises with technical dazzle and smooth surfaces the absence of real artistic depths. Like Francis Beaumont, indeed like Antonio Salieri himself,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peter Shaffer is very good at recognizing genius in others; he has learned his modern drama lessons well. The bargain Salieri strikes with God in which he agrees to remain chaste and virtuous if God will make him a composer ("Go forward . . . serve me and mankind and you will be blessed") is stolen straight from Ibsen's *The Master Builder*, just as Mozart's fantastical deathbed peroration is borrowed from Peer Gynt's speech to his dying mother. Similarly, the cut-rate nihilism of the play—issuing from Salieri's quarrels with an indifferent God—are blue book renderings of readings in Beckett and Strindberg. Worst of all, perhaps, is his watering down of Freud—the work is riddled with armchair psychoanalysis (Shaffer identifies both the Commendatore in *Don Giovanni* and the High Priest in *The Magic Flute* with Mozart's father, Leopold, and with the guilt the composer felt over their complicated relationship). As for the language, it is crammed with bombastic rhetoric and glib metaphors (Example: "I wanted my fame to blow like a comet across the firmament of Europe"), which are continually being betrayed by anachronistic colloquialisms (Mozart identifies a rival's music as "the sound of someone who can't get it up"). Shaffer's play is not only about opera; it *is* opera, precisely the kind that Mozart always scorned, warbled in that decorative *bel canto* that tone-deaf people invariably confuse with genuine music.

But none of this would be very important either were Shaffer not joined in Salieri's conspiracy. Salieri is endowed with intelligence, complexity, emotional range, metaphysical angst, and the author's affection, but his gifted rival is portrayed as a carrot-topped nitwit with an electrified crew-cut (it remains the same even when he is wearing a white wig), not to mention a braying laugh, an itchy crotch, and a vocabulary almost entirely limited to baby talk. He stalks Constanze Weber, his future wife, like a cat chasing a mouse, calling her "pussy-wussy" and "squeaky-weaky," while muttering things like "I'm going to bite you in half with my fangs-wangs." At one point, he begs her to beat him on his "botty," as if he had spent his youth in English public schools. (Constanze, for her part, speaks in the language of the English working class—her "Ta very much" is the idiom of a modern Liverpool waitress.) Occasionally Mozart is permitted a sensible remark or an intelligent insight; more often, he is a raunchy jackass in heat, keen to announce to all and sundry how he would like "to lick my wife's ass instead of her face." Salieri falls into a dead faint whenever he reads one of Mozart's scores, but the sensibility that produced this music has been buried in an avalanche of contempt.

The best thing about the evening is John Bury's set, a gorgeous shiny blue raked stage, with a handsome teak floor, an antique inlaid piano, a huge wing chair, and an inner proscenium which serves as court, interior, and opera house. Peter Hall's production, for the most part, I found externally accomplished, internally empty—like the play. Ian McKellen is an actor whose work I have admired in the past; here, he is doing one of his scornful parts, letting his tenor voice reverberate throughout as if he were applying for Maurice Evans's old job as the Great Resonator. He transforms before our eyes from age to youth, from simulated kindness to snarling rage, never letting us forget for a moment how exquisitely he is carrying the whole thing off. As for Tim Curry's Mozart, it is all exposed teeth and hooded eyes and gangling oafishness—a performance more appropriate for Bottom the Weaver in his incarnation as a donkey. I liked the more simple work of Jane Seymour as Constanze and of Nicholas Kepros as the emperor Joseph; and Mr. Hall has arranged the rest of the cast attractively on the stage. But the only time I felt in the presence of real accomplishment was when the amplification system offered Mozart's music to supplement the theatrical climaxes. In *Amadeus*, Mr. Shaffer has permitted the audience to feel superior to genius, while he is feeling superior to the audience. That may be the way he has decided to live with his success. In one of the endings of the play (it has five or six), Salieri turns to the "Ghosts of the Future"—the middle-class spectators he has been flirting with all evening—and says: "Mediocrities everywhere. I absolve you all. Amen." Whether the author will be absolved in return, only future ghosts can tell.

The way mediocrity triumphs in the Circle in the Square production of *John Gabriel Borkman* is more inadvertent; here a great artist is not being subverted, he is being embalmed. *Borkman* competed with *Little Eyolf* for the prize of Ibsen's weakest mature play. Both suffer from this anarchic individualist's new—and not very convincing—preoccupation with the theme of "social responsibility." Ibsen, moreover, does not seem as animated by the shortcomings of failed financiers as he is by the anguish of aging artists (Solness and Rubek), the misadventures of disappointed women (Hedda), or the obsessions of fanatical priests (Brand). What does arouse him a little here—it is the mournful note that tolls in all his later plays—is remorse for a wasted life. Borkman has killed the capacity for love in Ella Rentheim, as Solness has killed it in Aline and Rubek in Irene. To sacrifice human warmth for a professional obsession is to Ibsen the only true sin against the holy ghost.

Cold is the recurrent image of the play. Borkman is literally freezing to death throughout the action. When a hand of ice grips his heart, and he

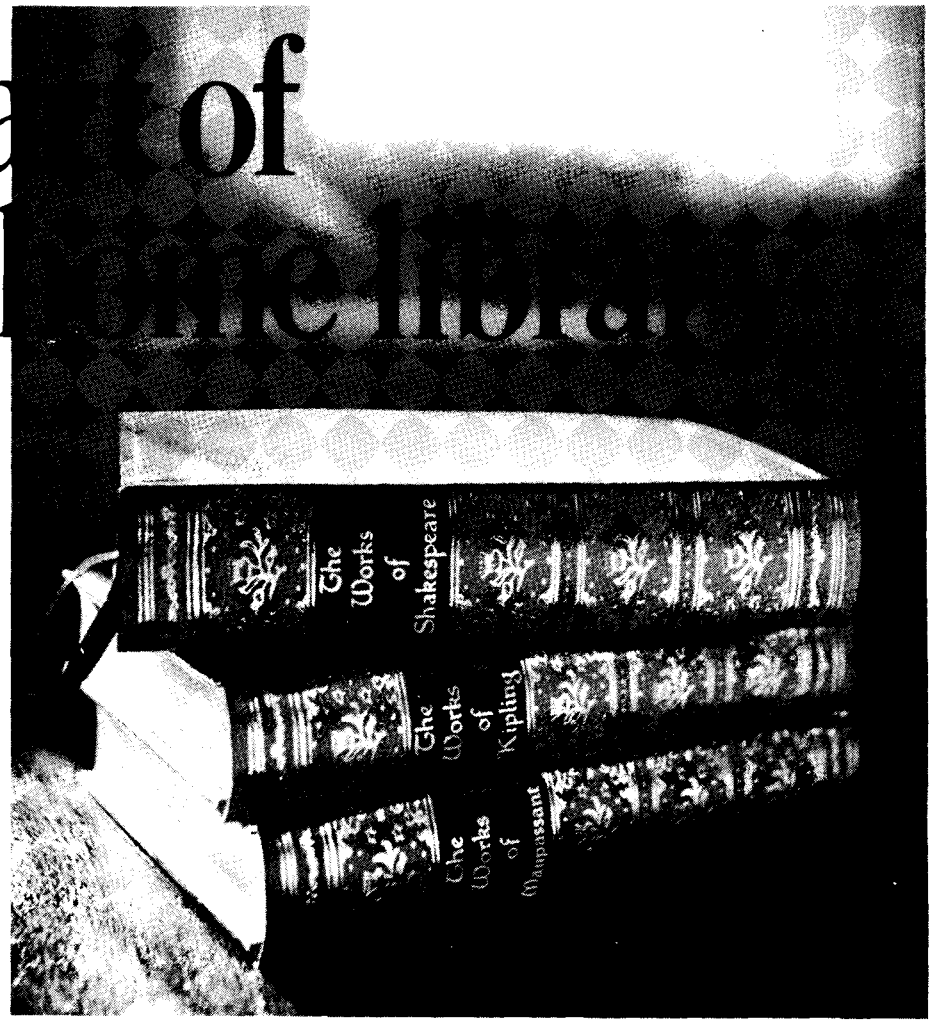
NOSE

Troublesome doorway, who can say
what wanderings you've given
hospice to, until one day
a conjunction of frying eggs
and east wind through locust trees
triggers a glitter—
Isaac Lane the eggman,
the wooden sides of his Model A wagon
looking edible as sugar wafers,
its motor a child puttering air
through closed lips, Isaac himself
a pastiche of suspenders
and moustache—and I reach
to touch a fender,
beyond it only air.

Brendan Galvin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The start of a fine library



Let us send you, for the token price of only $1 each, three books that have served as cornerstones in many a fine home library.

The complete works of Shakespeare

This beautiful 1300-page volume contains every word Shakespeare ever wrote. All 37 of his comedies, tragedies, and historical dramas including Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, etc. Also all of his poems and sonnets.

The works of Kipling

Actually eight books in one. A complete novel and 139 stories, ballads and verses loved the world over, including Mandalay, Gunga Din, The Phantom Rickshaw, etc.

The works of De Maupassant

128 matchless tales by the acknowledged master of the short story. Every story complete and unexpurgated: The Diamond Necklace, A Piece of String, The Will, etc.

Each volume is clothed in a handsomely-tooled binding of antique ecru with both the elegant look and feel of leather.

You will enjoy reading these books, just as millions before you have. Your friends will admire them, perhaps even envy you for owning them. And your children will gain a real advantage with books like these always close at hand.

We offer you three books of this calibre for only $1 each to introduce you to our new Golden Giants Series. We think you will be impressed. And we hope you will want to own others in the Series, as they become available, including:

Hugo. 36 complete works including Hunchback of Notre Dame, A Woman of the Streets, The Souls.

Stevenson. 39 novels, stories, poems. Treasure Island, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Kidnaped, etc.

Doyle. All the best of Sherlock Holmes—The Sign of The Four, Red-Headed League, plus other works.

Poe. 91 works: Annabel Lee, The Raven, The Gold Bug, Murders in the Rue Morgue, etc.

The full series will also include the works of Cellini, Wilde, Ibsen, Browning, Longfellow, Emerson, Dostoevsky, Byron and many others.

Normally, you would expect to pay $12 each or more for deluxe editions of books like these. But our direct-to-the-public method of book distribution (which we have specialized in for over 50 years) lets us make these volumes available for only $7.89 each, plus shipping.

Send no money now. Simply mail coupon to get your first three volumes for only $1 each, plus shipping, and to reserve the privilege of examining future volumes as they come from the press.

You will receive advance description of all upcoming volumes. You may reject any book before or after you receive it. And you may cancel your reservation any time you wish.

Mail coupon to: Black's Readers Service, Roslyn, New York 11576.

Regularly $23.67. Now only $1 each.

Black's Readers Service

ROSLYN, NEW YORK 11576

Please enroll me as a subscriber and send me at once SHAKESPEARE, KIPLING and DE MAUPASSANT. I enclose *no money now*. After a week's examination, I will either keep my books and pay $3 (plus shipping) or return them.

Also reserve for me additional volumes in the Golden Giants of Literature Series. As a subscriber, I will get advance descriptions of future volumes. For each volume I choose, I will pay just $7.89 (plus shipping). I may return any book, for full credit within 21 days and I may cancel my reservation at any time.

MR./MRS./MS. _____
(Please print plainly) 1-MR

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____ ZIP _____

Note: Subscribers accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only; offer slightly different in Canada. G02D3J

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expires in the snow, he has simply yielded to his metaphorical being ("It was probably the cold that killed him," says Ella, to which his wife replies, "That killed him a long time back"). The play practically screams for ice, snow, glaciers, but the present production has no illustrative overtones whatever—even the twin sisters wear different-colored gray wigs. The production is minimal, performed within a sparse setting, which limits the event to highly charged table talk. Irene Worth, Rosemary Murphy, and E. G. Marshall are very good actors, and so is Austin Pendleton, the director. But apart from a few flashes from Miss Murphy, the performance seems peculiarly absent-minded. Miss Worth, costumed like Mary Queen of Scots, give us her customary regality, authority, and sonority. What is not customary is her apparent lack of concentration. Even when speaking, she seems to be thinking about an entirely different play. As for E. G. Marshall, he walks unsteadily about the stage in circles, wearing Ibsen's side whiskers, looking like a banker who has slept the whole night in his clothes. The result is deadly. I felt paralysis creeping up my legs. While the characters were turning to ice, I was turning to stone.

How I Got That Story at the Second Stage doesn't do damage to artists; instead, it damages our memories of the Vietnam War. Amlin Gray's slick comedy is about a little country named Amboland, where an innocent reporter—played with relentless boyishness by Daniel Stern—is educated in the ways of the "gore gap" and chemical defoliants, by getting shot in the ass and watching a villager do a commercial for napalm. The other characters he meets —Mme. "Ing," a self-incinerating Buddist monk, southern soldiers, an Indochinese bar girl, a cynical editor (all cheerfully stereotyped by Bob Gunton)—serve to introduce him into Experience by way of sex, violence, and terrorism. This one lost my attention after about five minutes. I spent the rest of the evening thinking about My Lai and Saigon, about Christmas bombings and raids into Cambodia, wondering how the source of so much anguish and indignation could have so quickly become the subject of a popcorn cabaret.

A look at a work in progress.

Ralph Ellison's Invisible Novel

by Robert G. O'Meally

No novel since *Invisible Man*, 27 years ago, no book of essays since *Shadow and Act*, 15 years in print; yet Ralph Ellison's power endures. As a member of New York University's faculty (retired last May) and of several influential boards (including the National Academy of Arts and Letters, of which, since 1976, he has been secretary), he has considerable sway. Still, his influence derives primarily from the strength of his two celebrated books. Ellison has published 22 stories in all, 12 since the novel, and since 1937, when his first review appeared, he has written scores of essays and reviews. His words never have come fast but the stream of work has been steady and of high quality.

Robert G. O'Meally's The Craft of Ralph Ellison has just been published by Harvard University Press.

Once Ellison finally had released the galley sheets for *Invisible Man*, he felt spent emotionally and artistically. He had begun jotting down ideas for a new novel even before *Invisible Man* was published so that if it failed he would be too busy to worry. In 1952 he said he had a new novel "on the bench." Asked in 1953, shortly after the National Book Award ceremonies honoring *Invisible Man*, what his new novel would be about, he suggested that it might be an elaboration of the first. "I don't feel that I have exhausted the theme of invisibility," he said. Indeed he felt he could salvage some material edited out of *Invisible Man*, which had gone through several drafts. As early as 1953, however, Ellison had begun laying the structural framework for a wholly new novel, one he felt sure would be much more complex than the first. Since then Ellison has been stoking the fires of this new novel. Its published sections, eight of which already have been issued, along with sections read on public television, on college campuses, and in private sessions, have made the wait for the finished volume (or series of volumes, as Ellison has tantalized his public by suggesting) something of a vigil.

In 1965 Ellison forthrightly told an interviewer that he wanted to publish a book "in the coming year," adding, "so the pressure's on." Where is this long-promised novel? Ellison readers are always asking. What has taken so long? When he is at all willing to discuss the new book's progress, Ellison recites the history of a wayward tome, tedious in the initial construction and reconstruction; destroyed, in part, by fire; bedeviling in the *re*reconstruction. In 1970 James McPherson noted that rumors about the awaited novel were plentiful: "One man has heard that he has pulled it back from his publisher again for more revisions; another says that Ellison worries about its being dated; a third man says that Ellison cannot finish it." One explanation for Ellison's "strange silence" supposedly was heard from his wife. "She says she heard him in his study at night turning pages and laughing to himself. He enjoys the book so much that he isn't in a hurry to share it with the public." Richard Kostelanetz reports that an old friend of Ellison's has said: "Ralph is insanely ambitious. He actually writes quickly, but won't release this book until he is sure it is the greatest American novel ever written." Ellison refuses to publish more selections from the novel's current manuscript, he says, not only because he is "not so strapped for money that I have to publish those pieces"; but, moreover, because he wants "the impact of the total book . . . rather than the published pieces." Can you say when it will be finished? an interviewer inquired in 1978. "No," responded Ellison, "I've done that too many times and been wrong."

The writing halted for a time with the flurry of assassinations in the 1960s: Kennedy, King, Kennedy. With the assassination of a major political figure as the projected novel's central incident, the eruption of real killings "chilled" Ellison; for "suddenly life was stepping in and imposing himself upon my fiction." His conviction that his new novel must deal, somehow, with these real assassinations kept the book in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blueprint. He discussed the problem in an interview:

> Much of the mood of this book was conceived as comic. Not that the assassination was treated comically, but there is humor involved. . . . Anyway, I managed to keep going with it. . . . I know that it led me to try to give the book a richer structuring, so that the tragic elements could contain the comic and the comic the tragic, without violating our national pieties—if there are any left.

That Ellison was out of step with the most vocal black ideologists of the 1960s also contributed to the slowdown in his writing. While Haki Madhabuti (Don L. Lee), Immamu Amiri Baraka (Leroi Jones), and other black writers and social critics were asserting the national identity and the Africanness of black Americans, Ellison was stiffly dissenting: "I'm not a separatist. The imagination is integrative. That's how you make the new—by putting something else with what you've got. And I'm unashamedly an American integrationist." At Oberlin in April 1969 Ellison was given a chilly reception by the black students. One complained that "His speech was about how American black culture had blended into American white culture." Ellison had noted, for example, that the Afro hairstyle had become "a part of American popular culture" and warned the black students not to be surprised if whites began to Afro their hair. "The students went out screaming," a young woman recalled. "Who is he to insult what we wear? No honky could wear an Afro. They're stealing what is ours." At the meeting with the black caucus after the speech, the black students said, "You don't have anything to tell us." Ellison sat calmly as one student commented on *Invisible Man*. "Your book doesn't mean anything," she said, "because in it you're shooting down Ras the Destroyer, a rebel leader of black people." Ellison said that the book was written a long time ago but that he would not apologize for it. To which the student responded, "That just proves you're an Uncle Tom."

At Harvard in December 1973 Ellison spoke about Alain Locke as a champion of American pluralism. By then the mood on campus had changed. There were awkward silences when Ellison told the gathering that blacks are not an African people but an American one, but the applause was enthusiastic. There were no stand-offs. At that point Ellison appeared to have weathered the tempest of the 1960s. Nowadays he looks back on the difficult days with irony, a certain amount of defensive pride, and some anger. Of those who contributed strident attacks to a special issue of *Black World*, a now-defunct black journal, Ellison has said:

> Safe behind the fence provided by a black capitalist, they had one big 'barking-at-the-big-gate' go at me. They even managed to convince a few students that I was the worst disaster that had ever hit Afro-American writing. But for all their attacks I'm still here trying—while if I'm asked where is *Black World* today my answer is: Gone with the snows of yester-year/down the pissoir—Da-Daa, Da-daaa—and good riddance!

This in-fighting, scapegoating, and rigmarole slowed down the production of his second novel. In Richard Kostelanetz's words, "One reason Ellison has not been able to complete his second novel is that all these distractions demand so much of his attention, as much to flush the ideological junk out of his own head as to speak about corruption in the social world." Black writers, Kostelanetz comments, seem to have a harder role to play than do white writers because the blacks are cornered into commenting on sociopolitical issues that white writers can avoid.

As if these problems weren't enough, in the late 1960s Ellison's summer house in Massachusetts burned; it was a total loss, destroying 365 pages of the new novel, an entire year's revisions. "I assure you, that's a most traumatic experience," recalls the author, "one of the most traumatic of my life!" The writer Jervis Anderson has noted:

> Perhaps nothing more painful has occurred in the working life of a well-known writer since Thomas Carlyle lost the manuscript of the first volume of his history of the French Revolution, a servant in the home of John Stuart Mill having used it to help get a fire going. Carlyle is said to have sat down, with astonishing calmness, and reproduced what he had lost. Ellison found it difficult to begin the task of restructuring, rewriting, and recapturing the fluid composition and insights of the first draft. The subtleties and rhythms of a first inspiration are almost impossible to reclaim. But if it is at all possible to overcome these problems, then Ellison, with his belief that difficult circumstances can almost always be made to yield benefits and victories, is the sort of writer to do it.

Like his earlier fiction, the new work is experimental: now marvelously familiar, focused, compelling; now ill-lit, un-

A crisis of self-confidence.

Can Britain reverse its long post-war decline? Yes, answer a noted British journalist and a leading American political scientist, if the country's leaders overcome their fear that "nothing will work." Analyzing the strengths and weaknesses of Britain's governing institutions with a refreshing freedom from ideological preconceptions, the authors recommend fundamental reforms designed to capitalize on the very real social and political assets that the United Kingdom still possesses.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND ITS DISCONTENTS

Geoffrey Smith and Nelson W. Polsby

$12.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.

BASIC BOOKS, INC.

10 East 53rd Street, New York, NY 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

certain, frightening. "The new book's form," explains Ellison, chuckling, is "a realism extended beyond realism." It's "a crazy book, and I won't pretend to understand what it's about. I do think," he adds, "there are some funny passages in it." The new work's mix of allusions is typically Ellison; images and narrative strategies echo Joyce and Faulkner especially, as well as classical and religious myth. As in *Invisible Man*, popular American sources also energize the narrative: "I use anything from movies to comic strips," he says. "Anything: radio, sermons, practical jokes. In fact anything that suggests new ideas for handling narrative; even jazz riffs." Startling shifts in narrative angle and focus change the shape of the world of the work in progress in ways sometimes quite surprising. Everything depends on whether we view and evaluate our created surroundings according to Reverend Hickman (black bluesman-become-evangelist whose voice and eloquence have earned him the nickname "God's Trombone"); Bliss (Hickman's adopted son, a boy-preacher who abandons his calling, disappears, passes for white, and emerges as US senator Sunraider, the venomously anti-black representative from Massachusetts); McIntyre (naive but sincere white newsman); Lee Willie Minifees (jazz musician who, enraged at Sunraider's remarks, burns his gleaming Cadillac on the senator's lawn); or Cliofus (the stuttering manchild with a terrifyingly clear memory and a way with words). Thrust into the realm of such tales as "And Hickman Arrives," "Night-Talk," "Juneteenth," "Cadillac Flambé," "Backwacking"—stories told as letters, fuzzy musings, tirades, sermons, lies—the reader is forced to confront questions Ellison says issue from the heart of America's dilemma as a nation still unformed: Where, what, who am I? What is illusion, what is real? What is black, what is white, what is an American?

This is fiction scored for many voices. In the 1920s, working the southern revival circuit the reverends Hickman and Bliss deliver the dialogue sermon of "Juneteenth." Blending with his mentor's trombone voice, Reverend Bliss's voice is as clear and high as a piccolo. The two trade phrases about the losses sustained by blacks during slavery, and the tragic recital swerves at comedy's edge as Bliss says:

> . . . . Amen, Daddy Hickman! Abused and without shoes, pounded down and ground like grains of sand on the shores of the sea. . . .
>
> Amen! [answers Hickman] And God—Count it, Rev. Bliss
>
> . . . . Left eyeless [responds Bliss], earless, noseless, throatless, teethless, tongueless, handless, feetless, armless, wrongless, rightless, motherless, fatherless, sisterless, brotherless, plowless, muleless, foodless, mindless—and Godless, Rev. Hickman did you not say Godless?

Even so, laments Hickman; but in this sermon of redemption, blacks were stripped of African culture, but were reborn as Afro-Americans, tempered for struggle in this land of trouble and sacrifice. The trombone enters Hickman's voice as he says:

> Ah, but though divided and scattered, ground down and battered into the earth like a spike being pounded by a ten pound sledge, we were on the ground and in the earth and the earth was red and black like the earth of Africa. And as we moldered underground we were mixed with this land. We liked it. It fitted us fine. It was in us and we were in it. And then—praise God—deep in the ground, deep in the womb of this land, we began to stir!

ALMOST ALL of Ellison's fiction from the 1930s on concerns black boys stretching toward manhood. In the new fiction, antagonists included elementary school principal Dr. Peter Osgood Eliot, "who usually looked no more human than a granite general astride a concrete horse"; school disciplinarian Reverend "Blue Goose" Samson, "with his well-stropped head" who, when there's trouble, comes to class "dragging half a tree limb behind him" to whip the offender along with "all the boys in the first five rows." It is a boy from this "innocent" world, Severen, who, by the 1950s, has grown up to stand, slowly, before his seat in the gallery of the US Senate, and to gun down Sunraider. Bliss/Sunraider is also from this world; his white-black, sacred-secular, ritual-sideshow, city-country, downside-up boyhood eventually causes him to insulate himself behind the alabaster walls of jingoism and white-is-rightness. To retreat from his variegated past. The novelist Leon Forrest has said that Bliss/Sunraider emerges as "something of a brutalized metaphor himself of what happened to the baby democracy, tossed from hand to hand and born out of wedlock (à la Fielding's Tom Jones, to say nothing of some of the leading people in the US)." In Ellison's vision, America is a 200-year-old child, a strangely wrinkled baby, a Bliss destined to choose heritages: that of the tragic visionary Hickman, or the timid, forgetful, violent one chosen by Sunraider.

Some of Ellison's sharpest detractors complain that he dotes on the complexity of American experience in order to avoid speaking out against simple injustice; that he hides behind the laced banner of high art rather than "telling it like it is"; that his conviction that the American melting pot really *did* melt, and that blacks are as American—in some ways more so—than any Johnny Appleseed or Jedediah Homespun obscures the stubborn fact that black Americans comprise a distinct group with particular strengths as well as special troubles. As for Ellison's "complexity" (surely a key word for him), it is part and parcel of his discipline as a writer. It is the novelist in him that insists on asking such bothersome questions as this one: "What, by the way, is one to make of a white youngster who, with a transistor radio, screaming a Stevie Wonder tune, glued to his ear, shouts racial epithets at black youngsters trying to swim at a public beach—and this in the name of the ethnic sanctity of what has been declared a neighborhood turf?" He told a Harvard gathering in 1973 that "All of us are part white, and all of y'all are part colored." The novelist also insists on the cruel and tragic aspects of American comedy, the blues spirit of the church, the elegant upper-class style of the black poor, the universality of what Ellison still calls "Negro" experience, and the "Harlemness" of the human condition.

Many of Ellison's critics do not know that he is a former left-wing critic and fiction writer for *New Masses*, a former advocate of black nationalism (and contributor to *Negro Digest*, predecessor of *Black World*), who has done his share of political stumping. Even now, as the poet Michael Harper reminds us, Ellison maintains that writing novels is bound up with the process of nation-building: rediscovering, redefining, revitalizing America. Kimberly Benston has observed that although their conclusions are often at odds, Ellison and Baraka have much more in common than is usually noticed. Both are concerned with various criss-crossing lines of tradition that inform peculiarly Afro-American "responses of life"; both have looked upon an American scene marbled with ambiguity and contradiction and sought "strategies for saving

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and improving the best aspects of the black self." Both see clearly that in the melting pot are ingredients unmistakably and magnificently black.

In fact, with Baraka and Richard Wright, Ellison has been the most eloquent and influential spokesman for what, "on the lower frequencies," it means to be black and American. In his work one finds penetrating yet lyrical descriptions of black life, rare insider's perceptions of the contour and meaning of a peculiarly American experience. Greater than these other writers' is Ellison's sense of America's topsy-turvyness and of its bleakly tragic barriers (underrated by most conservatives, liberals, and revolutionaries) against which we all struggle. Greater, too, is his faith in America's redemptibility and his awareness of the difficulty of securing true redemption from that most American and deadly sin of arrogance. "Remember," he told a graduating class in 1974,

> that the antidote to *hubris*, to overweening pride, is irony, that capacity to discover and systematize ideas. Or, as Emerson insisted, the development of consciousness, consciousness, *Consciousness*. And with consciousness, a more refined conscientiousness, and most of all, that tolerance which takes the form of humor.

Small wonder that skeptics and fans alike are ardent Ellison-watchers, enthusiastically keeping watch for the day when Reverend "God's Trombone" Hickman and the new novel finally arrive.

Worse to Come?

Stalin's Successors: Leadership, Stability and Change in the Soviet Union by Seweryn Bialer

(Cambridge University Press; $19.95)

What are the real attitudes of the Soviet leaders? Will those of their successors be different? And, if so, will this be to our benefit? And to that of the peace of the world? Sound answers to these questions are urgently needed in the West by citizenry and governments alike. When a prominent academic tackles them, we should listen attentively. It may indeed be urged that misunderstanding of the Soviet Union by prominent academics has greatly contributed to our present world troubles. But Professor Bialer is not a mere academic. After surviving a Nazi death camp, he became an official in the apparatus of the Central Committee of the Polish Communist party, before he became disillusioned and defected to the West. In that hard school he acquired a knowledge of the Soviet system of a sort not commonly found. His earlier work, and in particular his selection and editing of original material, has been beyond praise. One's expectations of what is put before us as a major analysis of the Soviet Union are therefore bound to be high. And indeed, there is much that Bialer has to say that is uniquely informative, or interestingly argued. Yet, for reasons that are not entirely his fault, this book is a considerable disappointment.

Bialer seeks "to provide a synthetic overview of just how the structure and process of Soviet politics have been transformed in the last quarter century since Stalin's death and particularly in the years associated with Brezhnev's rule," leading up to "a projection of the system's likely direction in the next decade." He advances two central propositions: that the generation that entered politics in Stalin's time still dominates the USSR; and that this soon will be ending, admitting "genuine and pressing impulses for change" with economic and other challenges offering "exceptional possibilities." To develop these themes, Bialer first asks how far the system already has departed from the "stalinolithic" mold. He then examines the probabilities of the post-Brezhnev succession period. This leads to an assessment of Soviet stability and governability, after which he deals with Soviet foreign policy. And finally he examines Soviet domestic problems likely to generate pressures for change.

First, let me emphasize the book's merits. Bialer deploys the results of meticulous research on the background

The Playboy Foundation Announces the Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards

In recognition of those individuals who have worked to protect and enhance First Amendment rights for Americans during 1980.

Winners will be selected by the panel of judges and each will receive $3,000 and a specially designed plaque. Award categories: Print Journalism, Book Publishing, Education, Motion Pictures and Television, Law, Government.

Judges:
Senator Edward W. Brooke
Nat Hentoff, *a member of the national board of the American Civil Liberties Union*
Fay Kanin, *president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences*
Judith Krug, *director of the office of Intellectual Freedom of the American Library Association*
Charles Nesson, *associate dean, Harvard University Law School*

Deadline for receipt of nominations is April 30, 1981.

Nomination forms available from Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards, 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. (213) 659-4080

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and education of the ruling caste, from heads of Central Committee departments and junior ministers up to the Politburo. He demonstrates that of the 40 top leaders, only five had not already entered the political bureaucracy in Stalin's time, and of the 14 Politburo members, only one. With the first secretaries of Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic provincial committees, the source of any younger succession leadership, the proportion is still rather more than two to one from that early cadre. And Bialer notes of this entrenched class that they wish to modernize the USSR while retaining all the forms of traditional Stalinism, which he strikingly compares with "modernization on the Saudi Arabian model."

This is Bialer-Jekyll. Unfortunately there is also a Bialer-Hyde. In this case, however, it is Hyde who has the doctorate—in political science, alas. On the one hand we read, for example,

> I was able to trace the . . . type of employment of forty-nine children of post-Stalin Politburo members. Without exception none was or is involved in politics in the strict sense. Science, arts, journalism, and diplomacy are the occupational pursuits of the overwhelming majority.

That is a minor but very illuminating fact about the ruling caste and its attitudes. On the other hand:

> Most typically, of course, the effectiveness and survival models are positively correlated in both the short and especially the medium run. Aside from situations where this may not be the case, however, there exists also a time lag in the interaction between levels of stability with regard to both reference points; . . .

and so on. Insofar as this is not as meaningless as so many hiccups, it could be expressed in normal English—losing, however, the length and portentousness of the original, which in any case deals not so much with the situation in the USSR as with the "concept" of "stability" and of "legitimacy," with frequent reference to the neo-phrenologists who examine these verbalizations in the abstract.

Bialer has asked the questions and seriously considered the answers. Over a wide field, he has done this with illuminating effect. Where he deploys fact, he is uniformly interesting and informative. Where he gives argument based on fact, he is at least plausible. The trouble with the analytical sections of this book, once one has mentally erased the political science stuff, is not so much that facts are not listed, but that equally interesting, and even more significant, facts are omitted. In considering the "stability" of the regime, one would have thought the mass riots which on a dozen major occasions in the period have involved taking over whole Soviet cities, sometimes for economic, sometimes for nationalist, reasons, were relevant.

Another point highly germane to the matter of stability is that of resentment at privilege—which in Poland, with a virtually identical social set-up, was a major issue in the recent popular upsurge. Yet another is the cumulative evidence of a society going rotten, as with the extraordinary increases in infant mortality lately registered. Such coarse matters are barely touched on, or not at all.

And then, when considering the minority nations' representation in the party apparatus, Professor Bialer concludes: "the formation of such native elites . . . forms the basis of the probably still strong commitment of these cadres to the existing system." But there have been half a dozen tough purges of national elites within the party in the period covered—in Latvia, Kazakhstan, Georgia, Azerbaijan, and above all in the Ukraine— which show that this supposed mechanism does not always work. These purges at least should have been covered by a supposedly serious work before stating the opposite. In particular, Professor Bialer might have glanced at the astonishing phenomenon in the Ukraine in the early 1970s when none other than the local first secretary, Shelest, put himself at the head of a nationalist deviation which won the approval even of émigré circles, and which was followed by mass purges of precisely these "elites." Not a bit of it.

Again, the abrupt removal of the Soviet head of state, Podgorny (one of half a dozen sudden purges in the Brezhnev Politburo), might have been counted as particularly relevant to the question of political stability: but no, it is referred to *en passant* twice (as an "ouster" and a "dismissal"), with no further comment, and the same applies to the others.

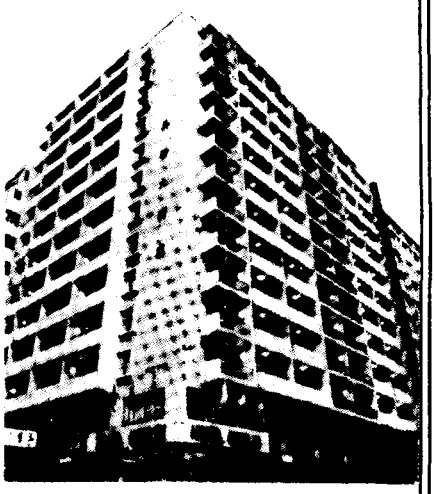
Bialer rightly remarks of Brezhnev and his colleagues that they avoid the full reign of Stalinist terror because they remember how lucky they themselves were to survive it. But, under the old rule that people don't learn from other people's experience, Nadezhda

All This and Hong Kong Too. Yours at the Merlin.

The Merlin Hotel is strategically located in the heart of Kowloon's famous shopping, business and entertainment district. The spacious rooms have been totally redecorated to suit your comfort and enjoyment. Step out on your balcony and experience the magnificence of Hong Kong's famous harbour. Inside, enjoy the comfort and serenity of home.

For conducting your important business, the Merlin provides a spacious executive lounge, secretarial services and fully equipped offices.

The comforts of home. The convenience of our executive facilities. The splendour of Hong Kong. Yours at the Merlin. Be our honoured guest.



Reservations Toll Free: (800) 223-9868

The Merlin Hotel
No. 2 Hankow Road, Kowloon
Tel: 3-667211 Telex: HX54291
Cable: Merlin in Hong Kong
In New York, call (212) 757-2981

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mandelstam, who had broad access to Moscow opinion, while agreeing that the older generation does not want a full terror, comments that the new "criminal stock" are "young people with no memory of the terrible years, who would be capable of anything." Meanwhile, Brezhnev, Kirilenko, Suslov, and the others are precisely the product of the great purge, incarnations of the political psychology that Stalin's extremely thorough process of unnatural selection raised to rule the state. That the present form of state is practically the same as Stalin's; that Stalin's name is, with a few reservations, still (or again) revered; that reference to his major crimes from Kolyma to Katyn is taboo—such things are not ignored by Bialer, but they are given less weight than supposed or possible changes of attitude for which the evidence is far less factual.

The trouble with the whole "political science" approach is, indeed, that it puts the stress on everything but the question of the basic drives and attitudes of the Soviet leadership, past and present. But this is *Hamlet* without the prince. It is true that the Soviet Union is faced with sharp economic and other problems. But it always has been, and its political system is based on the principle of overcoming them by *force majeure*. To imagine that the next leadership will be bound to take steps of the sort we would regard as reasonable for them to take is to beg the question.

They are the product of a history, and the bearers of a political psychology quite different from our own, almost as much so as those of the ayatollah, of whom presumably such a mistake would not now be made. Bialer knows this, up to a point, but he does not give it adequate weight, perhaps because it is not easily calculable, or modelable. Academician Andrei Sakharov writes in *Alarm and Hope* of the Soviet rulers' "total unaccountability to their own people or the whole world, this dual irresponsibility being interrelated." Of the next generation of leaders he comments, "I like this new layer of leaders coming to the top even less than its predecessors. . . . There is a dreadful cynicism, careerism and a complete indifference to ideals in international affairs." Similar estimates have been given by all wings of the dissident movement—by Nadezhda Mandelstam (as we saw), Andrei Sinyavsky, Alexander Ginzburg, Roy Medvedev—but the evidence of such witnesses is scarcely taken into account by Bialer.

Bialer does not go so far as the view put most absurdly by a Sovietologist he several times quotes with respect, Professor Jerry Hough, who says, "The Brezhnev era would be best understood if we attribute to the General Secretary the type of motivation that we attribute to most politicians in the West"—a stance taken, moreover, by President Carter and Cyrus Vance, at least in their public pronouncements, and one which has proved as dangerous as it was delusive. But Bialer's frequent substitution of political theory for political fact all the same leads him too close to these assumptions—or to at least the assumption that Western-style rationality prevails in *apparatchik* minds, and in the mood of the masses.

The distinguished French Sovietologist, Alain Besançon, has recently written of his horror at listening to American academics who treat the Soviet regime as merely another political phenomenon; who declare, on the basis of "political science," that "pluralism" in the USSR and the USA are comparable, and so on. What all these approaches ignore is the difference between forms and concepts on the one hand and the motivations and drives informing them and giving them life on the other. Let me repeat: if one skimps the fact that the Soviet leaders are the product of a political history alien to ours, and are exemplars of a deep-set political psychology unlike—and consciously hostile to—our own, no amount of erudition about formal detail is worth a wooden kopek.

Yet to make this obvious point is to risk pursed-lipped appeals to "objectivity"—as though the Politburo's attitudes were not just as much part of the objective world as the available details of the USSR's polity and economy (more so, indeed, in such cases as certain Soviet statistics). Of course knowledge of every sort is laudable, and so is intelligence, but neither is a substitute for judgment. There are writers on the USSR of whom one recalls Orwell's comment on some idiocy of the intellectuals: "One has to belong to the intelligentsia to believe things like that: no ordinary man could be such a fool."

Again, the notion that a comparatively simple view is less likely to be true than a complex, nuanced, and sophisticated one has its appeal. But the Ptolemaic system was a lot more complex than the Copernican: moreover its triumph—by no means pre-ordained—was certainly due in part to the academic dazzle which the mind of Ptolemy brought to bear as compared with the comparative plainness of the original heliocentrics. "Epicycles" are more intellectual fun than mere clarity of thought.

Not that all academics in the Soviet field are followers of these fashions. Far from it; there are dozens of admirably independent minds, fact-watchers, folly-puncturers. But a lowest-common-denominator hive-mind nevertheless seems to permeate the profession. Paradigms and parameters, methodologies and models flourish like the green poison-ivy tree.

The history of Soviet studies is littered with academic moderation which (for example) held that the fake Moscow trials were neither completely genuine, as some fanatics held, nor completely spurious, as others maintained, but a compound of the two. But in fact this was a "moderate" compromise between truth and falsehood. Bialer covers the actual casualties of the Stalin terror with a footnote to the effect that some (such as myself and Yugoslav sources) number the victims well up in the millions, while others (Hough) say Stalin may have killed only the odd

VISTA AND PEACE CORPS WANT YOU TO DEVELOP. . .

Help developing nations worldwide, or low-income communities here at home. Peace Corps and VISTA need people who can think . . . and learn . . . and share their knowledge with others. We'll train you and place you.

Call toll free
800–424–8580, ext. 93.
In Alaska or Hawaii,
800–424–9704, ext. 93.

Coming:

Edmund Morgan on

Garry Wills's Constitution.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hundred thousand, or even 10,000. But in fact every serious estimate is in the millions, with the three latest studies from within the USSR producing higher figures than the rather conservative ones of my own analysis. The only exception is the view, absurd to the point of perversity, of Hough, the David Irving of Stalinism.

Bialer then argues that whether Hough's or the more usual figures are accepted, it does not affect his own point, which is the high casualty rate, admitted by all, among the "upper and middle echelons of the Party-State bureaucracy." But there is a psychological difference between being an up-and-coming man watching a leadership cadre, perhaps seen as really involved in a power struggle, sent off to the execution cellars, and being a member of a party which loses half its membership—according to Sakharov, certainly relying on official figures, 600,000 shot and 500,000 dead in camps. (Moreover, if the lower figure is even taken as plausible, it undermines Bialer's point that Stalin was more "criminal" than Lenin, for Lenin certainly killed more than that.) But something of the sort applies (perhaps not *a fortiori* with such characters) to the existence of mass terror against the population. Surely it is not a mere peripheral matter, even from the point of view of the ruling caste, whether the country as a whole did or did not pass through a mass slaughter the effect of which on the Russian psyche has been compared to that of the Thirty Years War on that of the Germans—shattering, profound, and lasting for generations!

Why does Bialer take this mediocre and evasive line? The answer seems to be that he has a problem with Stalinism. On the one hand he admits that Stalin's regime was a criminal tyranny; on the other, he wants to show that the political caste produced by that experience, and their pupils, are something of a normal leadership group. Thus he argues, astonishingly, that

> Bolshevism in power, in theory and practice, and among *all* its factions, was strongly authoritarian; but to equate it with mature Stalinism is similar to the equation of authoritarian tendencies in the American polity with fascism.

The fallacy is obvious: in the one case there is an institutional, historical, ideological, and personal continuity, in the other none at all.

As we have seen, Bialer has trouble with "models." This arises again when he discusses whether the USSR fits the "totalitarian model." He thinks not, deciding on an "authoritarian" one. But of course models are models and countries are countries, and no real country could truly fit a totalitarian model. This is the wrong sort of question. Totalitarian is a word, and when we use it we mean a regime believing in total control in principle and applying it in practice to the limits of the feasible. As such it is certainly applicable to the USSR.

As to his view of those who will come to power over the next decades, Bialer is not exactly sanguine, but at least feels that they are men who are already more "willing to engage outsiders in frank and serious exchange of opinion." Perhaps they will prove more flexible, and Bialer wisely adds that any estimate of such a future leadership must be very tentative. All the same, this flexibility in conversation is surely remarked on by Westerners in those younger men they meet—that is, journalists, academics, diplomats—rather than in the *obkom* secretaries of today from whom the leadership will emerge. In this case, a peripheral impression is being taken for something firmer. Moreover, while these Soviet academics and so on may often be sincere, deductions from such a circle are open to the sardonic objection made by Professor Seton-Watson, dean of British students of the USSR:

> What 200,000 Communist Party Secretaries, from Brezhnev down to the secretaries of party branches in factories or collective farms, tell their subjects is all camouflage. The *real* views of the Soviet leaders are what some nice guy from the Soviet delegation at the UN said over a quiet drink, or what an itinerant midwestern scientist heard from some friendly academician in Novosibirsk.

At any rate Bialer sees this next generation of leaders as not necessarily less dangerous in foreign affairs, but at least aware of the failure of Soviet modernization, and perhaps prepared to be more open-minded. And he hopes that the eventual arrival in power of this group may give the West an opportunity to block Soviet expansionism on the one hand, and induce healthy change by economic cooperation on the other. This is at any rate plausible. But (and foreign affairs is the weakest aspect of this book) Bialer hardly asks how such a containment might be achieved—and above all he gets bogged down in the military argument, being unable to conceive that the USSR has, or might have, a military superiority at the moment, let alone that a Western superiority might be preferable. He knows that the USSR presents a serious threat to world peace, and to the survival of our culture. Yet it seems that he does not wish to appear immoderate or injudicious. But his colleagues and others who rely on sweet reason in this way are, to put it plainly, just not men of the world when it comes to international politics.

As if to demonstrate these inappropriate reactions, near the conclusion of the book we find Bialer putting forward, as if proved with the rigor of the science already paraded, the notion of a "reformist" wing in the leadership—based on the merest suggestion of a couple of odd American doctoral theses or papers, for which nothing in this book has prepared us. Needless to say this is old stuff: Harry Hopkins told of these reformers; Stettinius reported Stalin as one of them; Harriman has lately told of a sweet Brezhnev threatened by "hard-liners." The conclusion is always that the West should adjust its policies so that the reformers should not be weakened in their struggle in the Kremlin. Now, it is true that we should give every incentive—every stick and every carrot—to the Soviet leadership to cease expansionism. But the Bialer conclusion—or rather, since there is no evidence given for it, preconception—that we should on balance be soft rather than hard does not follow. "This country," he says, "has also to learn that while it opposes and it must oppose Soviet use of military force as a means of expansion, it cannot at the same time apply different standards to its own behavior and that of its allies." This sounds all right. But what precisely is it that the West must not do? We don't, in any case, invade allies whose political stance varies from our own and install replicas of ourselves. But are we not to be allowed in principle (in certain cir-

"THE *American Medical News* has unearthed an interesting bit of martyrology. Profiling Dr. Michael Nathan, one of the slain members of the Communist Workers Party and organizer of last year's fatal 'Death to the Klan' rally in Greensboro, the *News* reported that although a 'dedicated Communist,' Nathan did not actually join the party until hours before his death, 'when he was inducted into the party as he lay unconscious in the hospital.' It's easier that way."

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review, write to Dept. R-7, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cumstances) to blockade Cuba, aid Jonah Savimbi, and so on? Bialer's tone, if not his overt content, is precisely that of those who, while approving Western resistance to Soviet expansion, demand that any actual action pass purity tests unthinkable in real world politics.

Again, Bialer argues, "and, most important, [the West] cannot exclude the Soviets from participating in international problems." First, to the extent that the Soviets do "participate," the problems won't be solved. Second, are we in turn to be allowed to "participate" in the solution of the Polish problem, and if not, why not? To talk like this, in fact, is to misunderstand the Kremlin, and the world. No amount of useful material can compensate: indeed, one should say that the areas of good sense, the partial but still interesting studies of a selection of real facts, may give this book's conclusions a weightier status than they would merit on their own.

Thus this book will contribute much useful fact and thought to readers interested enough to dismiss its "noise" (as they say in acoustic circles); but taken as a full and magisterial summary of wisdom on the USSR, it could prove seriously misleading. The fact that the back cover gives us warm, if not total, endorsements from Marshall Shulman and Helmut Sonnenfeldt, both heavily involved in the policies toward the Soviet Union that have brought us to our present pass, will fail to reassure everybody.

It is a pity to concentrate so on the weaknesses of *Stalin's Successors*. But if one recommends a book—and I recommend this one as an interesting and important contribution to Soviet studies—one has a particularly strong obligation to warn readers of its defects, so that they can get the best out of it. Moreover, its virtues are Bialer's, its defects that of the polluted air he breathes. It is not the book he could have written after a cure at Academics Anonymous, but we must be grateful for fair-sized mercies.

Robert Conquest

Robert Conquest, British historian and author of a number of works on the USSR including *The Great Terror* (Macmillan), is at present distinguished visiting scholar at the Heritage Foundation.

Adversity's General

The Chief: Field Marshall Lord Wavell by Ronald Lewin

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10.95)

Archibald Percival Wavell (1883-1950) was the British Army commander-in-chief in the Middle East during the first two years of World War II, commander-in-chief in India (and, for part of the time, supreme commander of Allied forces in the southwest Pacific) from 1941 to 1943, and viceroy of India from 1943 to 1946. Half a dozen biographies of Wavell were published in England between 1941 and 1969, but apparently Ronald Lewin's book is the first issued in the United States.

The author has a well-deserved reputation as a biographer and historian of World War II, and *The Chief* embodies these recognized talents. Furthermore, since the previous works on Wavell are all a decade or more old, Mr. Lewin has been able to exploit newly available documentary sources in the Public Records Office, including decodes of enemy messages from the *Ultra* source so well described in his justly acclaimed *Ultra Goes to War* (McGraw-Hill). The fresh material, together with the author's objectivity, perceptiveness, and sound judgment, make this the best yet, and probably the definitive, assessment of Wavell's performance as a field commander.

Despite Wavell's tenure in these prominent and responsible posts, his name never was widely known in the United States, and today is almost forgotten here, along with those of Auchinleck ("the Auk"), Slim, and other top commanders whose theaters of operations did not much involve American forces. Furthermore, in terms of victory and defeat, Wavell's record hardly bears comparison with those of Montgomery of Alamein and Alexander of Tunis—the two British commanders who were consistent winners in North Africa, Italy, and Western Europe, and who worked in harness with American forces during the three last and victorious years of the war.

Except in England, the fact that Wavell garnered the first major Allied triumphs is now buried in the histories. Between June 1940 (when Italy entered the war) and April 1941, British units under his command conquered the Italian colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland, restored Hailie Selassie to his Ethiopian throne, and drove the major Italian forces out of Cyrenaica (eastern Libya), taking hundreds of thousands prisoner. Of course, as was said later, the enemy were "only Italians," but these victories were won with forces that, in quantitative terms, were dwarfed by the Duce's legions. In the spring of 1941, after the German conquests in Scandinavia, the Low Countries, and France; after the Dunkirk evacuation; and after the Battle of Britain and the Blitz which, however heroic, were defensive successes, Wavell's offensive triumphs were the tonic England needed, and Wavell's name was on every British tongue.

But then, as Lewin puts it, everything "fell apart." Rommel and the Afrika Korps appeared in Cyrenaica; in Romania and Bulgaria the *Wehrmacht* was deploying large forces that threatened Greece, a country already under attack by Italy, and one whose independence and territorial integrity the British government had vowed to defend. Wavell's slender forces were divided; not enough was left in Cyrenaica to hold Rommel, not enough was sent to Greece to check List, and not enough put into Crete to prevent Student's airborne troops from putting its defenders to flight. Wavell and Churchill were personally uncongenial, and by May 1941 the prime minister had lost confidence in him. A few weeks later he was relieved; Wavell and Auchinleck changed places, and in July Wavell took over as commander-in-chief in India.

As viewed from London, India was a secondary theater of war, and until Pearl Harbor, both the general staff and Wavell were more fearful of a German march through the Soviet Union into Iran than of the Japanese. When Japan struck, Wavell's forces were minuscule; there was virtually no air strength, no modern armor, utterly inadequate artillery and transport; the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crack Indian units had been sent to Malaya or Africa, and those available in India were neither trained nor equipped.

In January 1942 Wavell was designated "supreme commander of Allied forces in the southwest Pacific," with headquarters in Java. It was a synthetic and foredoomed command, created on American insistence, in part motivated by the desire that a British commander take the onus of defeat by the Japanese. Wavell was the sacrifice; Java and Singapore fell in a matter of weeks, and soon Wavell was back in Delhi and the Indian command.

There followed the confrontation with the Japanese in Burma, the involvement with Chiang Kai-shek, and the arrival of other commanders already or soon to be well known—Alexander, Slim, "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, and Wavell's protégé, Orde Wingate. This influx of able men eventually paid off, but not soon enough to save Wavell. The Japanese overran Burma, and Wavell's counteroffensive, launched in December 1942, had failed by May 1943. Once again Churchill lost patience with him and, by coincidence, with Auchinleck as well. The upshot was that in the summer of 1943 Alexander and Montgomery took over in North Africa, Auchinleck replaced Wavell as commander-in-chief in India, and Wavell's military career was ended by his designation as viceroy. It was a most prestigious appointment and Wavell was made a viscount, but beyond question both he and the prime minister regarded it as a "kicking upstairs."

MR. LEWIN'S book is not a full biography. There are only passing references to the first 56 years of Wavell's life, and his viceroyalty (1943 to 1947) is dealt with sketchily. The author's avowed purpose is to make "a strict and unabashed examination" of Wavell's generalship:

> The precise circumstances of each campaign, the force and relevance of political pressures, the resources available to him, the character and power of his opponents, the manifest qualities that led to success and when he erred, the technical and temperamental causes of his mistakes must all be held in balance.

Within that frame of reference, *The Chief* is a success. Lewin is neither a debunker nor an idolizer, he has made excellent use of the freshly available documentary sources, his judgments are perceptive and measured, and it is unlikely that anyone will do much better as an analyst of Wavell's military decision-making. Within the book's intended scope the flaws are minor. The maps are not of sufficient quality for a book focused on military campaigns, and the author has a maddening habit of stating that such-and-such happened on "the 27th," and leaving it to the reader's memory or back-paging to establish the month or year in question.

As for Wavell *als Feldherr*, Lewin's verdict is mixed. Wavell was at the farthest possible remove from Blimpishness. He was highly intelligent, literate, innovative, honest, trusted and admired by his subordinates, and equally courageous in battle and, when he thought it right, in challenging the views of his superiors. It was his own boldness, ingenuity, and wise choice of subordinate commanders that enabled him, with such slender resources, to destroy Italy's military power in Africa.

But thereafter came no major victories and half a dozen major defeats—North Africa, Greece, Crete, Java, Singapore, and Burma. As Robert Woollcombe (a Wavell biographer) put it: ". . . it was his destiny to be adversity's general." Of course, not every defeat is a failure. Victory may be impossible with the means at hand, while tenacity and skill may diminish the costs of defeat. There certainly were factors beyond Wavell's control that chiefly accounted for these setbacks: too many simultaneous responsibilities were imposed on him, and too little was given him for their successful fulfillment.

Nevertheless, Lewin convincingly points out mistakes that caused or contributed to some defeats. A partial catalog of errors includes: (1) After his great success in Cyrenaica, Wavell left ill-equipped and ill-trained forces—under new commanders inexperienced in desert armored warfare—to face Rommel's counteroffensive, and gave London unwarranted reassurances of security on that front; (2) Wavell grossly overestimated the likelihood that a German thrust into Greece could be stopped and, together with Sir John Dill (chief of the Imperial General Staff) and Anthony Eden (whose actions and attitudes Lewin repeatedly and severely criticizes without really saying why), allayed the very reasonable doubts entertained by Churchill; (3) Wavell failed to realize the importance and vulnerability of Crete, and neglected to organize the available defenses or to provide continuity of command; (4) Wavell grossly underestimated the fighting qualities of the Japanese soldier (a misjudgment which he subsequently acknowledged), and consequently failed to warn London and press for reinforcements as vigorously as he should have.

All this surely will interest the military historians and World War II buffs. However, the more numerous readers who do not much care whether Wavell made more or fewer mistakes than other top commanders will find Wavell's personality, including his non-military attributes, the most interesting feature of this account. Although his focus is elsewhere, Mr. Lewin provides glimpses of this truly fascinating man's qualities and idiosyncracies, which may draw the reader to the much fuller presentation of Wavell in the excellent two-volume biography by John Connell (John Henry Robertson's *nom de plume*): *Wavell: Scholar and Soldier* and *Wavell: Supreme Commander*.

ALTHOUGH Wavell's father and grandfather both were generals—the latter (a soldier of fortune) in the Mexican, and the former in the British, army—the future field marshal, viceroy, and earl was not a typical "army brat." He was a scholar at Winchester College, where the headmaster declared that young Wavell "has a rare gift for scholarship, especially for classical composition; and, if his mind was not set in another direction, he would probably have a brilliant career before him at the University."

The "other direction" was, of course, the army, but Wavell went to Sandhurst, by his own account, out of sheer inertia: "Nearly all my relations were in the Army, I had been brought up amongst soldiers. . . . I had no particular bent towards any other profession, and I took the line of least resistance." The self-deprecatory note remained characteristic of Wavell's references to himself, but in fact he was very self-confident in his relations with both his peers and superiors. The Moltkean precept of the Prussian officer corps, "Be more than you seem to be," fitted Wavell perfectly, but it was coupled with his own firm conviction that he was, indeed, more than he seemed to be, and his attitude at times suggested that he did not care how he seemed to those whose judgment he did not much respect. This was one of the reasons why he and Churchill did not hit it off.

The Winchester headmaster la-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mented the loss to scholarship, and wrote to the father (then Colonel Wavell of the Black Watch) that there was no necessity that the son go to the army "since I believe he has sufficient brains to make his way in other walks of life." Not surprisingly the colonel was unpersuaded, and from Sandhurst the son was commissioned into the Black Watch in 1901. He was devoted to the army, but there remained about him much of the scholar *manqué*. In May 1939, with war looming, Wavell (by then a major-general) was approached to be Chichele Professor of Military History at Oxford. He accepted, on condition that war did not occur, and later wrote that he would have enjoyed being a fellow of All Souls and that "military history has always been a hobby of mine," adding, with more than a touch of complacency: "I had, however, to make some of it instead."

Wavell was no chair-borne general (he had lost an eye in 1915 near Ypres), and was one of the few who, like von Manstein, were equally at home in staff and command assignments. "Regular" enough to win approval in the military establishment, he was also friendly with insurgents such as the armor pioneer General J. F. C. Fuller, and in close touch with Liddell Hart. Almost alone among the British military leaders he opposed the Munich settlement of 1938, on grounds of both principle and expediency. As an intelligence officer, he mastered the Russian language. In the field, his affinities lay with irregular and "special operations" types like Dudley Clarke, Peter Fleming, Orde Wingate, and T. E. Lawrence, whom he described as "the most impressive and attractive man I ever met," but compared him aptly to "a Hamlet who had slain his uncle neatly and efficiently at the beginning of Act II, and spent the remainder of the play repenting his act and writing a long explanation of it to Horatio, and then retired to a monastery."

As a military author, Wavell produced the definitive biography of Lord Allenby and account of his Palestine campaign, and other distinguished professional writings. His 1939 Cambridge lectures on generalship were published by Penguin and in German translation. Rommel carried his copy as a *vade mecum*, and many years later his widow sent it to Lady Wavell.

But in the world of letters, Wavell's heart was given to poetry. Gifted with retentive memory, since boyhood he had memorized thousands of lines of English verse. While Wavell was viceroy, Peter Fleming persuaded him to assemble the memorized poems in an anthology. Lewin's work includes a delightful "postscript" on the resulting book, which was published in 1944 under the title (borrowed from Montaigne) *Other Men's Flowers*. To the publisher's astonishment, it has remained in print ever since and sold over 120,000 copies. Among the gayest flowers in the garland are Wavell's notes: for example, that on the poems dealing with "Love and all That":

> Should a poet, or any man, have one love or many? Shelley (*The Longest Journey*) has given his unequivocal answer; Browning, himself the most faithful of lovers, has put forward in a favorite stanza of mine, which begins 'Ah, but the fresher faces,' a disarming plea for inconstancy; other poets and other men have pointed out, musically or crudely, that a singleton heart is seldom a satisfactory holding. The question seems to me almost equivalent to asking, 'Should a man have mumps as well as measles, pleurisy as well as bronchitis?' The answer to the one question depends on his temperament and his opportunities, to the other on his constitution and the risks he takes . . . one who goes to some haunt of lovelies in spring without a wife or conscience is apt to fall in love. Some catch malaria even with quinine and all reasonable precautions; they must avoid tropical climates. Some fall in love in season or out of season; for them there is no cure, nor do they often desire one. Perhaps an Elizabethan, who first amused and then shocked his royal mistress, phrased it most succinctly: 'It is better to love two too many than one too few.'

It is remarkable that a man so gifted with the pen and, when he chose, with the spoken word, was often lamentably unresponsive in official conference, and the peer of Calvin Coolidge for muteness at formal dinners. Barbara Tuchman, in her book on Stilwell, aptly describes Wavell as "the sturdy one-eyed soldier of formidable silences." It was a trait that grew on Wavell as he attained higher responsibility, and goes far to explain his lack of rapport with Churchill, who declared that with Wavell "I always felt as if in the presence of the chairman of a golf club." The soldier had little respect for the judgment of the politician, and refused to join in his ebullience or feign to share his enthusiasms.

Perhaps, if Wavell's integrity had not made it impossible for him to pretend, he would not have been chosen as the "general in adversity." But then he would not have been Wavell, nor have earned the posthumous accolade of his friend T. S. Eliot: "I do not pretend to be a judge of Wavell as a soldier. . . . What I do know from personal acquaintance with the man, is that he was a great man."

Telford Taylor

Telford Taylor is the author of *Munich: The Price of Peace* (Doubleday), which won the National Book Critics Award for nonfiction in 1979.

To Break the Shell of Self

Beyond Egotism: The Fiction of James Joyce, Virginia Woolf and D.H. Lawrence by Robert Kiely

(Harvard University Press; $14)

In past centuries philosophers and theologians, playwrights and novelists were the major voices of social and cultural criticism. These days, the social sciences bear down hard even on literary critics and historians, never mind the rest of us. They are ever glad, it seems, to show enthusiastic appreciation for any available psychological or sociological statement. Christopher Lasch, for instance, is an exceptionally intelligent social historian, and a powerful, clear-headed writer as well. His book *The Culture of Narcissism* used psychoanalytic theory tactfully, cautiously, as a help in understanding what is happening to us, who live in an advanced capitalist society which is dependent on consumerism to the point that the cultivation of the self has become a major industry as well as a pagan religion of sorts. Lasch did not, however, write *The Narcissistic Personality*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Our Time. No doubt such a title would have attracted hordes of readers, maybe reached the best seller list. In fact, his chosen title, however accurate in its suggestion that a kind of psychology (self-centeredness) has come to dominate a particular society's cultural life, probably boosted sales a good bit—the confirming irony of a public eager for any news of itself, even in the form of a devastating critique of its shallow self-preoccupations. However, had Lasch chosen to make his important points through the interpretive help of, say, contemporary American fiction, would his book have been so successful? In different ways Saul Bellow, Walker Percy, and John Updike have been making a reading of our culture similar to Lasch's—the peculiar spiritual dislocation of people who have so very much, and yet seem to feel empty, confused, even panicky. But we prefer abstractions, even banal, jargon-filled ones, to dramatic evocation. Lasch's social analysis, the best kind, is not without resemblance to a morality play, yet one suspects that his use of the psychoanalytic speculations of Heinz Kohut and Otto Kernberg gave many readers a false sense of assurance (the supposed voice of science), when both those theorists and Lasch well know how precarious the leap is from a theory of individual narcissism to a generalization about its dominant presence in the life of a particular nation.

Unfortunately, many readers of Lasch's book will not find their way to Robert Kiely's *Beyond Egotism*, though (as the title suggests) it also tries to comprehend what has been happening to us, psychologically and spiritually, in this century. The agents of that understanding, however, are three novelists who used the English language (James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf). The mode of analysis is that of reflective literary criticism offered as a group of carefully presented essays, in which textual analysis keeps relaxed company with social comment and moral reasoning. Kiely knows that Joyce and Lawrence had no great admiration for each other, that critics often have sided with one or the other, thereby gaining for themselves an object of contempt as well as veneration, and that although Virginia Woolf spoke well of both men, she is not associated with either by many who teach the 20th-century novel. But they were contemporaries, and the three shared a common struggle:

> In the very innovations—stylistic and structural—that have made their books difficult and have discouraged some readers, they have extended the domestic bourgeois historical conventions of the old novel to a breaking point that opens the way to a wider range of experience.

As Kiely mentions, Joyce, Lawrence, and Woolf were strong minded, stubbornly ambitious writers, hence "in their pride in the power of the imagination, they were undoubtedly egotists." But, as with the psychiatric term "narcissism," there is a danger in such attribution. We all struggle with narcissism; it is an inevitable aspect of each person's life. The issue is one of degree and, very important, the use made of a particular mental inclination. Some of us boast endlessly, drearily about ourselves or use ourselves mischievously, brutishly to badger and trick anyone available; some of us use ourselves to edify others —as writers, as teachers, or, for that matter, as psychiatrists, even as theorists interested (narcissistically) in the vicissitudes of narcissism. Kiely is wise to emphasize that "the underlying sense that human nature possesses certain common and generalizable traits does not necessarily restrict the artist." Quite the contrary, writers delight in showing variations in the universe, whereas all too many social scientists forget the fact of that (psychological) universality. Kiely refers to "the burden of personal history," and then, in a fine, qualifying phrase, observes "the artist's need to transform it, since he can never hope to avoid it."

Lasch reminds us that a seriously faltering economy and its close companion, a rudely, cynically materialist culture, have settled on the self with a vengeance. Kiely offers us a contrast; he shows that for three influential novelists of this confused, tormented century, egotism turned out to be no final barrier, but rather, a prelude to a fiercely insistent effort "to break the isolating shell of personality." The artist as an individual may be yet another of this world's many egotists. The artist's work, however, constructed with paint or through words, and set down on canvases or in published arrangements of description, imagery, analysis, and so on, manages to take all of us "beyond" ourselves. Kiely quotes Virginia Woolf on so many influential people of her time: "They afflict us because they have ceased to believe. The most sincere of them will only tell us what it is that happens to himself. They cannot make a world." The specially talented do that, build a world quite convincingly; and doing so, help not only themselves but the rest of us, their readers, transcend for a while the continual tug of self-regard. Thereby, strenuous exertions on behalf of a muse represent a moral act—even as the struggle of an analysand (and analyst) to escape the mean and aggrandizing aspects of narcissism is not to be confused with the exertions of the many self-displaying hucksters who infest our commercial, political, and cultural life.

Kiely reminds us of a common sensibility in his three chosen writers: "the impulse to strain against categories." Good novelists, God bless them, make that kind of effort all the time—try to approach this life through particulars, try to avoid generalizations (in William Carlos Williams's phrase, "no ideas but in things"). Not that fiction can't help us understand the biggest issues. Joyce wanted to examine, no less, the effect of time on cross-cultural imagery. Lawrence assaulted accepted opinion with his analysis of sexuality and class. Woolf had a keen sense of what "personality" is—for her, something quite other than the "stages" and "psychodynamics" that textbooks of "human development" offer us.

Kiely roams the writings of those three in an interesting and rather unusual manner: he uses plots and character portrayal to show not only what certain novelists have told us, but what we, their readers, have come to learn. Put differently, a literary critic embraces a kind of social history—hence the inclusion of essays on marriage and the family, on friendship. The point is to connect our consciousness with our lives—to understand that the way we see things affects the way we live. Nature, once a repository of hope, became for these writers one more unruly, unpredictable, and often threatening aspect of a mixed up, if not completely loony, world. The sea, for Byron "unchangeable" and "glorious mirror where the almighty form glasses itself," is shown by Kiely to have presented itself to Joyce as "fitful music," to Lawrence as a symbol of all too tentative human op-

Correction:

The publisher of our contributing editor Joyce Carol Oates's new collection of short stories, *A Sentimental Education*, is E. P. Dutton, not Dial Press, as we incorrectly announced last week.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portunity, and to Woolf, of course, as an intensely dangerous place, a reminder to the people of all continents that death is both near and ready. Those writers were struggling for all of us. Kiely makes a statement with a question: "How does one look at the natural universe without being blinded by convention, or overwhelmed by nothingness?" Egoistically, rather than egotistically, we all may want to wonder in that vein. Egotistically, some press answers upon us. The novelists Kiely celebrates in this book move "beyond" themselves and their ambition, "beyond" showy brilliance, to reveal the centrality, these days, of human doubt and apprehension, with the artist as chronicler, even exemplar, rather than patronizing, fatuous therapist—or ideologue.

It is a pleasure to be brought back to *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*; to *Sons and Lovers* and *Women in Love* and *The Rainbow* and that powerful story of English mining life, "Daughter of the Vicar"; to *The Waves* and *The Years*, *Mrs. Dalloway* and *Between the Acts*, as well as, inevitably, *To the Lighthouse*. In all that writing, and more, Kiely finds a modern kind of thinking struggling to exert itself, to come to terms with what it means to be a child, to marry, to be a friend; in short, the universals of human experience as they have been shaped into the lives of us who live in the late capitalist, significantly secular West.

After all that has been said about mothers in these recent decades, a sentence such as the following seems either impossibly naive and romantic, or (I think) an elixir of subtlety and shrewdness: "The mother's gift is two fold: Individuality and the consoling, but also humbling, reminder of the presence of life outside the self." Kiely has been taught the breadth of psychological responses available to us by Joyce, Lawrence, Woolf; has seen how their authorial self-centeredness or arrogance can yield to character portrayals meant to offer a redeeming moral integrity. Here is another of Kiely's telling, original summaries—an alternative, indeed, to the latest articles or textbooks on "oedipal fixation," some of them, in recent years, written by critics of literature:

> The novels of Woolf, Joyce, and Lawrence teach us that the ghostly mother will not be denied by daughters or sons. She haunts her artist-offspring by a too palpable presence or a disabling absence. Either way, she keeps the artist honest. She abhors egotists and aesthetes. She will not be banished, buried without reverence, shattered like a lamp, turned into a girl or an enchantress or even into an exquisite ideal of beauty without finding a way to chide the dreaming child and call him back to earth.

That "child" soon enough grows up, contemplates his or her own family, seeks the consolations of friendship, or nervously avoids them. Kiely reminds us that until the late 19th century (up to Hardy, really) novelists presented marriage as an ideal state, to which all couples, however floundering for a while, eventually repair. Joyce, Lawrence, and Woolf have certainly followed Hardy's lead—regarded marriage as an institution to be explored rather than exalted; they have, that is, looked hard at the distances that modern couples commonly accept as well as struggle to overcome, at the textures of emotional ambiguity characteristic of modern family life. These novelists have needed none of our contemporary social or psychological theorists to remind them of the effect on marriage of sexual tension, or the problems of class and race, or the personal difficulties that arise from an awareness that life is all too brief, and often enough, arbitrary, terribly unfair, if not close to being meaningless. What the novel has enabled for Joyce and Lawrence and Woolf is an exploration of human experience that does justice to its complexity. At one point Kiely tells us that "the novel comforts with local history." Yes, and discomforts plenty, too.

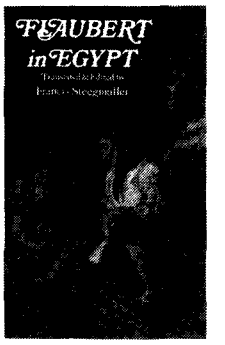
The temptation is to escape localism, particularity, the instances of this life, not to mention the differentials of personality, so mysterious and persisting, for the immediate satisfactions of a general, inclusive statement. Even these three novelists craved a moment of the universal, intent though they were on dwelling intimately with those elements of human individuality—luck, chance, circumstance, the accidental. The nature of friendship, as Kiely points out, attracted them for precisely that reason, the relative variability and subjectivity of that form of human involvement. But if we stumble into people, become friends in accordance with private tastes and preferences—no contracts to sign, laws to obey, public announcements to make—we also lapse, occasionally, into musings on the grand scale: what is this life phenomenologically all about? And we get swept up by larger social currents—historical tides, even. Kiely shows us how each of his favored trio accommodates to such internal demands, not to mention the requirements of many readers that a philosophical novelist deliver a few ideas. Through the incorporation of drama (as in the Circe episode in *Ulysses*, as in the Covent Garden opera scene in *Jacob's Room*) these canny, ambitious, and wonderfully agile storytellers took advantage of the leeway offered by crowds, performers, the staged activity of ritual, the rhetoric of roles. Social rhythms are voiced in set, fixed, assertive lines, no matter the personal history of the actor, the actress.

The novel always has been a wonderful means of character analysis—so responsive to our own, strange human diversity and inconsistency. But the novel, too, has aimed for social observation and analysis: the ways individuals connect with each other, in one or another setting. The novel, finally, has been an instrument of grace: the story as a book of wisdom, wherein a writer tells something interesting or instructive about this uncertain journey we all take. Such grace is evident in Kiely's book—three souls brought together,

ACADEMY CHICAGO

Flaubert in Egypt

Translated & edited
by Francis Steegmuller



232p. Paper $ 5.95
Cloth $10.95

From your bookseller or from

ACADEMY
CHICAGO
LIMITED

360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their common search shown us, their exceptional skills made comparatively evident. Readers are meant to take an important, responsive part in the fiction of those three novelists; one reader now shows us compellingly and brilliantly how to do so. If *Beyond Egotism* were to generate among us a similar contagious response, we would thereby be offering collective evidence that we have arrived (by some miracle?) at a point described precisely by the title Robert Kiely chose for this welcome gift of literary and social essays.

Robert Coles

Once In Love With Arthur

Tennyson: The Unquiet Heart by Robert Bernard Martin

(Oxford University Press; $25)

If Tennyson is the major 19th-century English poet, why have we had to wait so long for a full-scale life of this most eminent Victorian? Robert Bernard Martin's biography contains the implicit answer: some biographies must be a triad of subject, biographer, and historical moment.

Michael Holroyd has advanced the hypothesis that a biography should be, in effect, the subject's last—and posthumous—work. This is bound to be a controversial view but it is one deserving close scrutiny, particularly in the case of Tennyson. Holroyd is suggesting that the biographer should assume the understanding, the critical appraisal, and, most difficult of all, the capacity for self-forgiveness that would be assumed by the subject if he were viewing his life in hindsight. Holroyd is not asserting that the biographer can pin his trophy to the wall, but rather that he is aware of the complexities, contradictions, and final enigma of his subject, and from the vantage point of time, "all passion spent," is now ready to come to terms with the mystery. Professor Martin's clear-headed detachment, his ability to accept Tennyson's weaknesses and contradictions and to differentiate between the important and the trivial, make him a Virgil among biographers, Tennyson's ideal companion in a voyage of self-discovery.

The more obvious explanation of why Tennyson has had no major biography devoted to him in the century since his death lies in the pathological suspicion with which he and his family foiled successive biographers through their systematic destruction of his letters. That these custodians lacked the confidence to see Tennyson as a human being rather than as an exemplary prototype is an expression of 19th-century cultural values, and at the same time a reflection of Tennyson's own "unquiet heart," in the phrase used by Professor Martin for the subtitle of his book. The Victorians, with their passion for proprieties, abhorred Boswell and shared Tennyson's outrage toward Froude's frank life of Carlyle, a work now generally regarded as the greatest of all 19th-century biographies.

Although much material has been destroyed, Professor Martin has combed all available documentation and has succeeded in giving us as comprehensive a picture of Tennyson's life as possible. He has treated the disputed relationships in the poet's life with magisterial fairness. Thank God, too, that we have reached a stage where our understanding of Tennyson's poetry can be illuminated by the recognition of the interaction between life and work. "My own belief," Martin says,

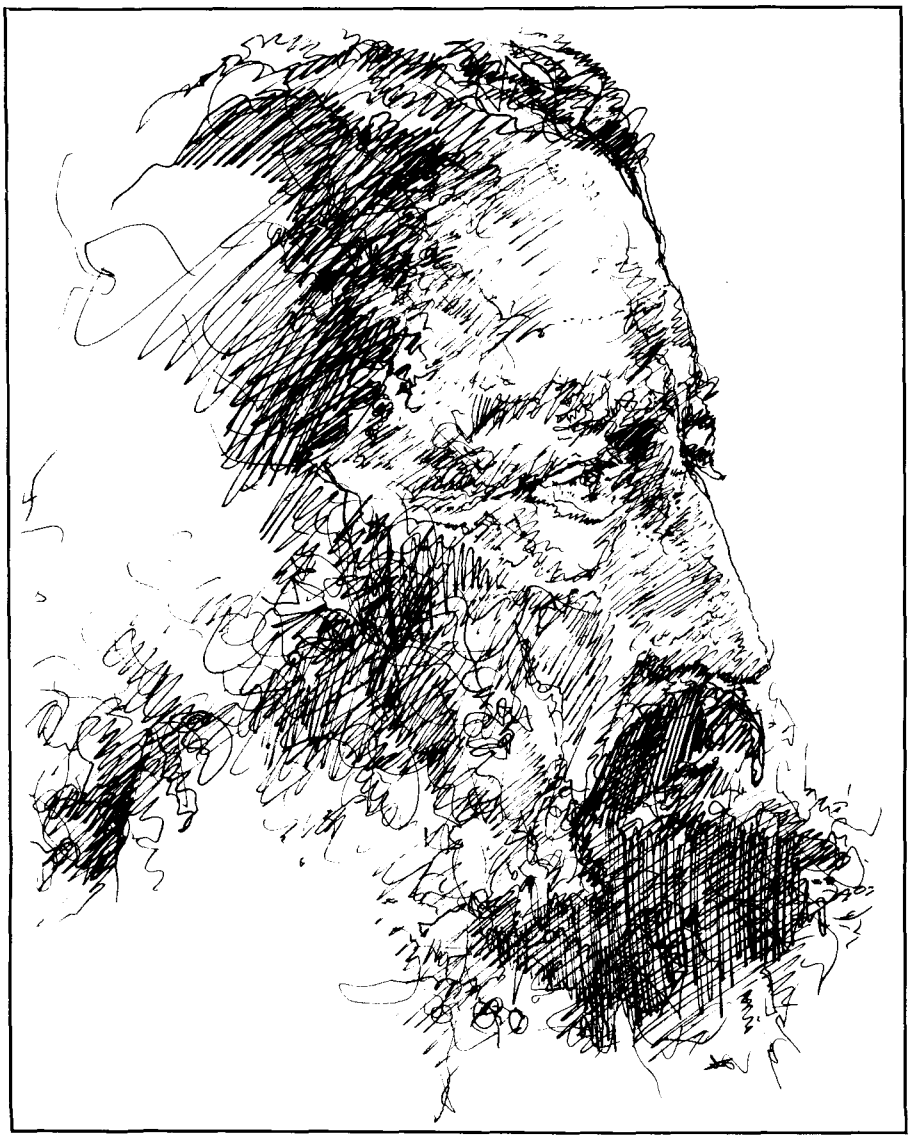
> is that pure criticism and pure biography are like two very different but friendly nations between whom there is an unguarded frontier; it is not difficult to recognize the further reaches of either as very unlike the other, but it is easy to stray across the frontier without being aware of it.

Genealogical surveys, those most boring of chronicles, are generally abandoned by modern biographers, but Professor Martin, true to his conception of his subject's integrity, rightly sees that it is essential to discuss the black blood of the Tennysons. It is essential in this case since the poet was tormented by the fear that he had inherited the epilepsy, melancholia, and even madness of his Lincoln forebears. His choleric grandfather, George Tennyson, lived to an unreasonable age, lingering on only to torment any relative within reach. In sifting through the Lincolnshire Archives Office Professor Martin has found three recurrent complaints in the letters of the "Old Man of the Wolds," as his grandchildren nicknamed him: money, filial ingratitude, and bad health. But the irascible old man asked for all he got. He passed over Tennyson's father to bestow a questionable title on his younger son, an injustice that rankled Tennyson for the rest of his life. The poet's father, George, resembled other eccentric Victorian clergymen in that the church was probably the only profession that could accommodate him. The vicar terrorized his family of 12 with his fits of depression and epilepsy, sometimes so awful that young Alfred would throw himself down in the graveyard, praying that he would die. Tennyson himself experienced the trances preceding what was known as the *petit mal*; more important than his actual symptoms was his fear that he might have inherited the hereditary taint. His gruff manners and decorous attitudes masked an inner man wracked by warring emotions. Tennyson's background might not have contributed to an integrated personality, but it undoubtedly spawned a poet who, from an early age, was determined to be famous. Fame, recognition by the normal, conventional world, would be proof that he had surmounted his evil legacy.

Cambridge provided the foretaste of fame. Tennyson looked the part of the quixotic poet, with his arresting height, dark complexion, leonine head, and shuffling gait. As Martin implies, probably far too much has been made of Tennyson's membership in the exclusive group, the Apostles, since he attended only three meetings. Nevertheless, the fact that he was not only accepted but pampered by the Apostles stimulated both his self-esteem and the yearning for uncritical praise which were childlike and extravagant in later life.

At Cambridge, too, Tennyson formed the most profound relationship of his life with the engaging Arthur Hallam. Hallam exerted a charismatic spell on everyone and his early death in 1833 perpetuated the legend of a Lycidas whose promise was extinguished too soon. Recent speculation about the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



drawing of Tennyson by David Schorr

nature of the friendship between Hallam and Tennyson has emphasized its homosexual overtones. Professor Martin tackles the thorny question in a commonsensical way. He rightly points out the inadequacy of language to convey the nuances of deep emotion. Although he realizes the awkwardness of the phrase, he finds "falling in friendship" the closest resemblance to their sense of elective affinity.

Professor Martin makes a strenuous effort to persuade us that Hallam's letters to Tennyson's sister, Emily, to whom he became engaged, suggest that he was deeply sensual. So much for Hallam, but Professor Martin is not only evasive but simply omits any analysis of Tennyson's feelings; and while his description of *In Memoriam* (for such it is) might satisfy an ethereal Tennyson standing in the wings, it leaves me uneasy. He never comes to grips with why Tennyson spent 17 years elaborating his mourning after Hallam's death. In the absence of documentation he had no other choice but to present the facts, but facts are limited and we might as well realize that we are never going to reach the full truth of the matter.

A reader of this biography might satisfy himself by using the text as a palimpsest. For me it has raised more questions than it has answered. Why did Tennyson wish the poem to remain anonymous, particularly if, as he later declared, "It must be remembered that this is a poem, *not* an actual biography. . . . 'I' is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking thro' him"? What balderdash! Its appeal to Queen Victoria lay in the personal intensity with which she could identify her own mourning over Albert, but her mourning, like Tennyson's, was pathological melancholia. Tennyson's behavior following Hallam's death was hysterical. Martin doesn't go so far as this, but admits that "he had lost his most important anchor to reality." On the very day he heard of his friend's death, Tennyson began the first of the elegiac lyrics of *In Memoriam*:

> My Arthur, whom I shall never see
> Till all my widowed race be run;
> Dear as the mother to the son,
> More than my brothers are to me.

Many years later he admitted that "I suffered what seemed to me to shatter all my life so that I desired to die rather than to live." Most curious of all was his relationship with his future wife, Emily Sellwood. They became engaged in 1837 and did not marry until 1850. Almost all the correspondence between them during these years was destroyed, but in Martin's view Tennyson was undersexed, a view he bases on the lack of passion in any of his love poetry. Yet what is *In Memoriam* if not an expression of a profound love? Certainly Tennyson's behavior toward Emily does not suggest he was a passionate lover. In 1839 he rushed off on a mysterious trip to Wales and it was apparently on this erratic flight that he decided to break off the engagement. Between 1844 and 1845 he spent a good deal of time in hydropathic institutions to alleviate emotional collapse. In 1847 he published that curious poem, *The Princess*, ostensibly about the dangers of women being overeducated, which are then somehow resolved when woman reverts to her natural, submissive state in marriage. During these years he continued to work on *In Memoriam*, which he would read aloud to a few close friends, his voice breaking and tears streaming down his face. In 1850 his publisher issued a small, private edition of the poem. In his brother-in-law's copy, he wrote: "Essentially & inconceivably private till its later tho longer brother appear then to die the death by Fire! Mind! A. T." Perhaps significantly, a copy was not sent to Gladstone, who had been Hallam's close friend at Eton. A fortnight after the publication of the poem, Tennyson, at 41, acting like a frightened schoolboy, finally married Emily. His friends were aghast because few people knew of her existence.

Then in 1852 he published the extraordinarily agitated *Maud*. The neurotic narrator falls in love with a rich heiress, an affair obstructed by a rich and powerful father. A duel ensues, her brother is killed, Maud dies, and the hero, after a period of madness, is reconciled to a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

general love of mankind. Martin is in strong disagreement with R. W. Rader's theory that the girl in question is Rosa Baring, in whom Tennyson seemed to have little interest. A reviewer does not have to be hampered by the scrupulousness of a biographer and I would suggest that there is another explanation of the poem. Arthur Hallam's father, the noted historian, Henry Hallam, despised the lowly origins of the Tennysons and actively opposed Arthur's engagement to Emily Tennyson. While Tennyson vehemently denied that the poem had an autobiographical content, the cautious Professor Martin concedes that "it is easy enough to see that many of the details of the story had parallels in his own life, and that the emotions were far from unfamiliar to him." He then goes on to list the narrator's unbalanced state after a disastrous speculation, the son's own madness, inherited from his father, and the economic pressures that separate Maud from the protagonist. But, as an irresponsible reviewer, I am free to speculate that the rich and intractable father in the poem could be modeled on Henry Hallam, who opposed his son's marriage to Emily Tennyson, and that after Tennyson finished *In Memoriam*, his elegy to his own dead love, he felt free to marry another Emily. However, the emotional dilemma never seems to have been resolved fully, since on his honeymoon Tennyson took his bride to visit Hallam's grave, and for the rest of his life nearly drove people crazy with his insistence upon reading *Maud* aloud to any captive audience.

Phyllis Grosskurth

Phyllis Grosskurth is the author of the recent *Havelock Ellis: A Biography* (Knopf).

Brief Review

Loss: Sadness and Depression. Volume III, Attachment and Loss Series by John Bowlby

(Basic Books; $22.50)

I approached this book from my own recent loss of my dearly beloved husband, Gardner Murphy, and I had many thoughts and questions on my mind about the utter individuality of the experience of loss and the response to it, and about the relation between the experience of loss and the quality of the relationship, as well as about the resources of the bereaved for dealing with loss.

Fourteen widows, 13 old close friends or relatives and one neighbor, wrote or phoned or dropped by to share their own losses, often of years before: "You never get over it," "You don't get over it but you learn to live with it," "It gets worse and worse," "The better your marriage has been, the worse the loss is." In a more positive tone, "He will always be an important part of your life," "You will feel his presence more and more." Most of these were professional women, with an active life continuing, and with great strength.

I had also been close to 10 losses by widowers, six of whom were more shaken, depressed, and lost than the women. One of them could not bear to hear his dead wife's name mentioned by the children or anyone else. One was chronically angry, one was deeply depressed, two drank too much alcohol. (Only one widow had turned to alcohol.)

There were many different circumstances preceding and surrounding these deaths and none was like the last moments of Gardner's life. Catastrophically ill, he had come through endless crises. The last day, his vital signs were normal, and there was no warning of an early end to his life. While watching a ballet on television, he slumped gently and there were no "last words" but "Lois!" His heart had stopped. Resuscitation by the nurse and granddaughter who came in just then, next by the rescue squad who arrived quickly, and finally by the hospital team, was to no avail. From a vivid spirit, transcendent over frustration and illness, he changed suddenly to a green, staring corpse. The shock was overwhelming, the more so because I had never seen a dead body before the undertaker's magic, which makes it look natural. My life was a void; I thought I would never enjoy anything without Gardner after the 53 years of shared joys, work, exploring the universe, love of children and friends.

Friends and family quickly rallied round to share my grief, to help on the many final tasks, and to make me feel needed and alive. Rapidly, professional demands filled my life again. Commitments I could not meet during Gardner's last years again claimed my attention. Even while grief was my daily, especially nightly, companion, Gardner lived in my heart.

Would John Bowlby understand all this? I wondered, as I turned to the last volume in his series, Attachment and Loss. I soon realized that this is a book not just for analysts, psychiatrists, counselors, social workers, ministers, and other professionals. It is a book for everybody, for we all experience loss and share the losses of relatives and friends, and we can all learn how to cope with loss and to help others. I do not mean that this is an "inspirational book," although it is inspiring—nor that it is filled with advice, although it does offer some guidelines. It is a scientific book without jargon but with facts gleaned from available research. Bowlby evaluates all his sources with both appreciation and clear recognition of deficiencies of sample size, method, depth of exploration of the experience of individuals, and he is always aware of the need for more thorough research. In other hands this might be a dry, stodgy volume. But Bowlby's empathy, concern, and, at times, eloquence, make it a book that reaches the heart.

Throughout he is concerned with repressed adults (and children as well; as in all his books, Bowlby is especially acute about children's experiences) who cannot let themselves grieve, with chronic grieving, and with strange ways of locating the lost person's continued presence.

Bowlby argues that the grief most adults experience moves through a succession of phases. First there is initial numbness with outbursts of extremely intense distress and/or anger. The next phase he describes as "yearning and searching for the lost figure," followed by a phase of disorganization and despair. Finally, there is a phase of reorganization and recovery. In his discussion of the psychological responses to loss, he recognizes the way the original relationship continues to fill a central role in a bereaved person's emotional life, though that role changes over time. In my experience, there are very wide differences from one survivor to another. Among the group of widows and widowers I know intimately, seven of eight widowers remarried, in one case within six months. Only four of 16 widows remarried.

Half or more of widows and widowers, according to Bowlby's research,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

retain a strong sense of the continuing presence of their partner "without the turmoils of hope and disappointment, search, and frustration, anger, and blame that are present earlier." Bowlby does not consider this pathological. Among my friends, some of the active widows enjoy such untroubled communion. They talk about their husbands freely and with comfort. In a Harvard study, widowers also experienced a strong sense of the presence of the spouse. It is interesting that widowers were more likely to speak of having lost a part of themselves, while widows felt abandoned.

With more understanding of the complex, slow, individual processes of mourning discussed by Bowlby, all of us can be less pressuring, more sensitive and helpful to those who suffer major loss.

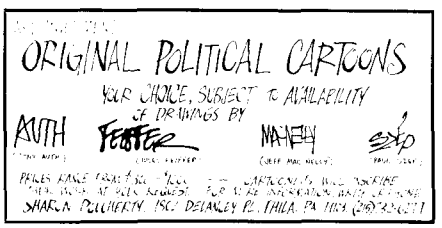
Lois Barclay Murphy

Lois Barclay Murphy is author of *The Widening World of Childhood: Paths Toward Mastery* (Basic Books) and other books.

The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331 7494.

Arts & Crafts



CSA—Revolutionary bronze reliefs. Jane Baxendale, Sculptor, 4114 NR Sneed, Nashville, TN 37215.

Associations

Membership Certificates

IMMORAL MINORITY*

Politicians speak of the Moral Majority. Logically, then, that which remains could include an IMMORAL MINORITY. Join! Achieve Recognition! $5.00 gets you an 8" x 10" personalized, stylistic membership certificate. Print or type the name(s) you want on the certificate(s) and send with $5.00 for each certificate to:

QBI, Box 500, Schenectady, NY 12301

* A non-sectarian organization

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information. NR 44, RD 1 Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

Buttons/Bumperstickers

BUMPERSTICKER "ahm uh 'muracan." $2.00 or, such a deal, two for two bits pre-'64 silver. MD, 206 East Peach, Bozeman, MT 59715.

Support the Immoral Minority" and "The New Right Sucks" buttons. $1.00 each or $1.50 for 2. Bill's Buttons, Box 514, Council Bluffs, IA 51502.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC., Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Business Opportunities

Entrepreneurs wanted! Former Shakiee president announces new business opportunity. Free details! Enhance, P.O. Box 22726J, Robbinsdale, MN 55422.

START A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS from scratch. 40-page book discusses success principles, developing workable plans, advertising, multiplying profits, and more. Order "Action Blueprint for Personal Business Enterprise." Price $8.00 plus $1.50 postage. Learning Horizons, P.O. Box 36110, Cleveland, OH 44136.

Collectibles

Fine chinaware, figurines, crystal, collectibles direct from West Germany to you. Full-color catalogue $1. Lorey U.S.A., P.O. Box 234H, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272.

Colleges/Universities

INTERNATIONAL EXPERIENCE DURING YOUR COLLEGE CAREER. Interested in professional work abroad in intercultural communications, Third World development, economics, environment, peace? World Issues Program combines internship abroad with study on multicultural campus at the School for International Training. Accredited senior college (junior and senior years). Bachelor's program. Write Dept. A, World Issues Program, SIT, The Experiment in International Living, Brattleboro, VT 05301. 1-800-451-4465.

Non-traditional Doctoral Program. Southeastern University, 5163 DeGaulle Drive, New Orleans, LA 70114.

Employment Opportunities

Don't accept any job without consulting

INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE

Monthly issues reveal current opportunities for career and temporary overseas employment.

Discover what's waiting for you in the world—and how to get it now!

Send to: International Employment Hotline, 543 Grand Boulevard, Suite AA, Venice, CA 90291

YES! I want HOTLINE information on international employment opportunities. Send me:

- ☐ $24.50 (US) one-year subscription
- ☐ $15.00 (US) six-month subscription
- ☐ $10.50 (US) three-month subscription

Enclosed $ ____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

(please print)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: International Employment Hotline, 543 Grand Boulevard, Suite AA, Venice, CA 90291

National job openings. Universal System Search has professional/technical job openings up to 100K. Let us check your credentials against computerized listing of fee paid jobs from over 5000 firms. Monthly feedback. For quick results send two resumes, geographic preference and current salary data to: Universal System Search, #2 Timberline, Warren, VT 05674.

Coordinator for Revolving Loan Fund

The Industrial Cooperative Association (ICA) is seeking a staff person to research, develop and coordinate a revolving, high risk-capital loan fund for worker cooperatives. MBA or work equivalent; experience in financial management, fundraising or marketing and commitment to workplace democracy required. Previous experience with cooperatives preferred. Applications from Third World candidates and women encouraged. Salary range is between $15,000-$18,000 depending upon qualifications. Please send letter of application and resume to: The Industrial Cooperative Association, 249 Elm St., Sommerville, MA 02144.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

ATTN: World Travelers

At last! A monthly publication for the frequent globetrotter. Latest news on customs, currency, laws, air fares, charters. Columns on cruises, sports, lodging, tours, shopping, health, solo travel, dining, wines, art, photography and much more. Observations by our readers exchanging the good and the bad. We "tell it like it is." One-year subscription only $9.97. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. **International Travel News**, 2120 28th St., #283, Sacramento, CA 95818.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Financial

FIRE YOU BOSS! World-renowned PhD scientist's newest financial discovery lets ordinary people gain independent wealth without capital investment. Free brochure will absolutely boggle your mind! Achievement/Worldwide, Box 849N, Sanford, FL 32771.

Health/Beauty

EMERGENCY MEDICAL DATA: Meticulously organized pocket-sized record book for entering your medical history, medication, insurance, identification, etc. Carry it everywhere! Two copies, $2.75. Munroe's, Box 161104, Memphis, TN 38116.

Instruction

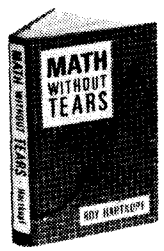
MEN: BOWTIES. *How to tie one on.* Blueprint, suitable for framing. $2.00. Archer, 24 Sidlaw Rd., Boston, MA 02135.

SLEEP-LEARNING tapes, books! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, WA 98507.

Literature

AMERICA'S GAUNTLET and UNCOMMON SENSE—From Cancer Science to the Humanity Christ! Philosophy of all kinds and as one! Both for $9.00, postpaid. Send to: Word Enterprise, P.O. Box 535-C, Fairview, NJ 07022.

MATH WITHOUT TEARS



Using non-technical language and a light touch Roy Hartkopf gives you a basic understanding of many everyday applications of mathematics. He takes the reader from simple counting to trigonometry and calculus, emphasizing the practical aspects of math. Humorously written. ***Learn math in the comfort of your own home at minimum cost.***

Order Now: $9.95 plus 95¢ hdlg.

EMERSON BOOKS, INC.
Dept. 105-F Buchanan, N.Y. 10511

10 Day Money Back Guarantee

Music

TEN THOUSAND GODDAM CATTLE 240 page book and 28 song album. $25.00 postpaid. Authentic Cowboy music from 30 years research. Katie Lee, Box 395, Jerome, AZ 86331.

Fine Hardwood Music Stands . . .

Early Music Stands makes the finest in hardwood music stands, upholstered performers benches, instrument stands, and much more. For your copy of our new 32 page mail order catalog of *chamber music furniture*, please send $1 (refunded on first order).

Early Music Stands

Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

Personals

Fem. leg amp. wants to locate "opposite" for shoe swap. My unused 11 B left for your right. All styles. Barb Conrad, 7205 Linwood Rd., Racine, WI 53402.

Attractive, professional woman, 34 , Durham, NC seeks "Triangle" man for southern comfort. TNR 9730.

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE-free 800-451-3245

Lonely? Meet New and Exciting Playmates, Join our Swinging Club. Send large S.A.S.E. for detailed application. ACVID, Box 62-J, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

Far East correspondents seek American correspondents. Cherry Blossoms, Hanokaa, HI 96727.

FRIENDSHIP in West Germany, Europe and Orient. Introductions thru: Steven-Marianne Kullmer, Dysart, Iowa 52224.

Politics

WHAT IS CONGRESS REALLY UP TO? Find out in the 1980 Voting Record from Americans for Democratic Action. $2.00 TNR BOX 9755.

Posters

RONALD REAGAN PUSHING TOBACCO (CHESTERFIELDS)! 1948 Poster Advertisement (11 x 17"). Reagan commented on this poster advertisement during campaign. $2.50, 3 for $5.00. Mastercard/Visa accepted. a.o.t.e., box 17711, Denver, CO 80217.

Religion

We are all here now . . . and have been for millions of light years. We are the most moral minority and we are here to start the show . . . The one and only . . . THE HIPPY RELIGION. A donation of only $10.00 will reserve your unique membership card. Write to: P.O. Box 501NR, Susanville, CA 96130 or call toll free in U.S. (except CA) (800) 227-2400 ext. 504 - CA only (800) 772-2666 ext. 504. (We accept most credit cards)

Recipes

BEAUTIFUL BRUNCHES for six or thirty: 2 menus, *mix and match; many exciting recipes; complete* grocery checklists. S.A.S.E. $3.00. SPeciaL Cooking, 8516 River Rock Terrace, Bethesda, MD 20034.

THE PENNY PINCHING GOURMET. 100 delicious recipes with fewer calories and simplified for the busy cook, with no loss of flavor. Send $2.60 to: Kaswan, 1740 Walnut, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Tofu recipe: S.A.S.E., $2.00 to: Ohno, Apt. 9D, Springbrook Circle, Ithaca, NY 14850.

Services

You or your children having problems? Write: J.J. Landman, Teacher-Counselor for 27 years. Confidential. $25.00 Fee. 456 S. Mathews St., Los Angeles, CA 90033.

SPANISH-ENGLISH academic and literary translating. Write for details, THE TRANSLATOR, Box 50-R, Escanaba, MI 49829.

T-Shirts

FIGHT BACK! Order your
"Charter Member:
IMMORAL MINORITY"
T-shirt, $6 ppd. Specify S-M-L-XL.
The Humbug Co., Box 71
College Corner, Ohio 45003.

Vacation/Travel

CHINA . . . Visit the People's Republic of China for LESS, and go FIRST CLASS with me.
Thomas L. Driscoll
718 Swedesford Road
Ambler, PA 19002

JAMAICA. Staffed beach front villa. Tennis, fishing village. Reasonable. Suitable for six. Call (301) 596-3964 or 5977 Grand Banks Rd., Columbia, MD 21044.

CARIBBEAN SEABEACH RESORT: efficiencies. Private coconut farm, great snorkeling. "Caribeplaya," Patillas, Puerto Rico 00723.

Etc.

ANTI-PANIC BUTTON, $1; 6/$5. Idea Co., Box 22408, San Diego, CA 92122.

Sell It, Rent It, Trade It, Find It

When you place your ad in The New Republic classifieds, you place your ad in front of over 250,000 readers for $1.00 a word per issue or $30 per column inch for camera ready copy. If you would like TNR to prepare a display ad for you, call for free estimates. If you've never advertised in our classified section before, you're eligible for our "3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER! Pay for two insertions and we'll throw in the third one FREE. *(Further rate information on preceding page.)*

Send check/money order or MasterCard/Visa # along with ad copy. Phone orders accepted with MasterCard/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic, 1220 19th St., NW, Washington, DC, 20036. (202) 331-7494.

I'LL DO IT! Enclosed is prepayment along with my ad copy. Please run my ad _____ times.

_____

_____

_____

_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Diarist

Second-Rate

Zbigniew Brzezinski and I have disliked each other for years. And I've wondered about his values ever since I saw him park his wife at an Artur Rubinstein concert while he went outside to listen on his car radio to the launch of some new American rocket. That's a choice that reflects on character, I thought then and still do, bad character—and bad taste. At Harvard, where Brzezinski taught until shortly before I arrived, he'd left a reputation—even among other hardliners—as a fluent but superficial mind. Nothing I've read of his since, and certainly not the policies he crafted in the White House, contradicts this view. I used to teach in the introductory course on government. Once, on an exam, I asked a question about the Soviet secret police, whose earliest head had been a tough called Dzerzhinsky. One of the students referred, throughout his essay, to this thug as Brzezinski. When I told Zbig about this, he didn't think it funny at all. Kissinger could always laugh at jokes at his own expense. But, then, poor Zbig has not been capable of much that Kissinger was: like getting tenure at Harvard or becoming secretary of state, for example. Catching up with Kissinger is a motive in Brzezinski's life. "Iraq," he once told some incredulous visiting academics of which I was one, "will be to my Middle East achievement what Egypt was to Henry's." Now Zbig is following Kissinger to Georgetown University as his base for exile from power. It will be a very different—and very obscure—exile.

All of this by way of prelude to the reports last week that two of Brzezinski's former colleagues, Hodding Carter III and Donald F. McHenry, don't think much of him either. Under this provocation, I rise to Zbig's defense. Who is doing the grading in this course anyway? Carter wrote in *Playboy*, the vehicle well known for first-rate thinkers as writers and readers, that Zbig was a "second-rate thinker." Now, that's a judgment as intellectually compelling as Ronald Reagan's stated "misgivings about Darwinism." Hodding Carter has had a charmed life in the press, partly because he is a southerner. Some northerners are still so patronizing about folk below the Mason-Dixon line that when someone comes north from Mississippi, (even if by way of Exeter and Princeton) and says, in grammatical English, that he believes in something so daringly liberal as, say, "life after birth," it's treated as a very special grace. We owe this attitude to the negative example from Faulkner novels. Hodding III is accepted as one of the *illuminati* because his father, Hodding II, was actually against lynchings and the poll tax 30 years ago, and wrote so in his paper, the *Delta Democrat Times*. But when some far-right publishing combine out of the sunbelt (Freedom Newspapers) offered $16 million for the Carters' small-town sheet, Hodding III and his siblings eagerly made the trade. Fifteen million wouldn't have done it; they are liberals after all. Hodding Carter is one more example of the PR flak as celebrity—yet another contribution to a cheaper culture by the administration of the other Carter. An ambassador is someone who's sent abroad to lie for his country. An assistant secretary of state for public affairs—the secretary's press agent—is kept at home to lie to his countrymen.

No slouch himself in the prevarication business, Ambassador McHenry now has come forward to blame Jimmy Carter's defeat on Brzezinski. If the election had been lost by, maybe, just 100 electoral votes, instead of 400, it would be just barely plausible to blame the loss on some individuals in the president's foreign policy apparatus. But on no accounting could you pin Zbig. Right or wrong, he was where the voters were (except on the Middle East, where he was with all the certified first-rate thinkers). But McHenry and the man he succeeded, Andy Young, probably did at least as much as Gentleman Cy to make voters think that the State Department thought "Third World First, America Last." Andy Young is now head of an outfit called "Young Ideas," a name surely dreamed up by a first-rate thinker. And, unless my sense of how upward failure works in America has gone seriously awry, McHenry soon will be pontificating from some big foundation pulpit, ready to join other first-rate thinkers, doubtless Hodding Carter III among them, in coming up with first-rate banalities disguised as first-rate solutions to first-rate crises.

The country has had to accustom itself not simply to second-rate leadership but also to second-rate products. A second-rate car was not so bad as long as there still were first-rate mechanics, a vanishing genus. The deterioration of the quality of American production, along with the quantitative decrease in the American worker's productivity, should be a nightmare to those who want to start again at the dawn of the American century. You'll hear a lot from this group about lazy unionized workers. But since these folk aren't much for interfering with the big corporations, you'll find them strangely silent on the production of junk by design. That's why the right is now left to foodstuffs as the last coercive weapon of the US. It's the one commodity we still produce well and in quantity, and for which increasing populations, encroaching arid zones, and disastrous nature guarantee growing demand. Food aside, it's hard to think what we excel in, particularly if you compare the US to Japan, which may fast be outpacing us even in those little silicon chips which we'd begun to think of as the country's commercial salvation. A friend who knows and cares and has done something about America's competitive position tells me that there are more lawyers in California than engineers in Japan. Is that a non sequitur? I think not. Another friend, who runs a medium-sized multinational scientific company, based on animal-breeding laboratories around the world, informs me that the Japanese have an unexcelled, in fact perfect, record at keeping their labs, which is to say his company's labs, uncontaminated, whereas labs here have to be shut down and repurified every few months. How come? We may here be in the realm of national character, which contemporary social science has virtually forbidden us to study. Imagine assigning Montesquieu in a sociology course. But national character as an explanatory tool never terminates a discussion. Within limits, national character changes over time. What is now said about the Japanese by unhappy Americans was once said about Americans by unhappy English. There is another possible explanation which I believe persuasive. I take it from Thorstein Veblen's essay on "the merits of borrowing and the penalties of coming first." But it's been years since I've seen this genuinely first-rate thinker on college reading lists filled, as you guessed, with the writings of accredited second-raters.

M. P.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QPB SURVIVAL KIT

QPB members will take the 80's in stride with the best and most helpful books on money, energy, environment, do-it-yourself. And, of course, other important works of fiction and nonfiction.

QPB softcover books are printed on fine paper in full-size, durable editions. But they cost up to 65% less than their hardcover counterparts. Save money. Survive the 80's. Join QPB.

161. The Doctors and Patients Handbook of Medicines and Drugs. (Second Edition, Revised) Peter Parish, M.D. QPB: $5.95

184. Everyone's Money Book Jane Bryant Quinn Hardcover: $14.95 QPB: $7.95

202. The Transit of Venus Shirley Hazzard Hardcover: $11.95 QPB Ed: $5.95

256. American Cookery James Beard Hardcover: $15.95 QPB: $7.95

259. Toward Distant Suns T. A. Heppenheimer Hardcover: $16.95 QPB: $7.95

255. Turning: Reflections on the Experience of Conversion. Emilie Griffin Hardcover: $8.95 QPB Ed: $4.95

344. Writers from the Other Europe: *This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen; A Tomb for Boris Davidovich; Laughable Loves; Sanatorium Under the Sign of the Hourglass.* (4 Vols., Boxed) QPB Ed: $11.95

345. The World of Wines Creighton Churchill. QPB: $5.95

346. The Book of Kells Hardcover: $65 QPB: $9.95

354. The Next Whole Earth Catalog. Edited by Stewart Brand QPB: $10.95

359. The Living World of Audubon. Roland C. Clement QPB: $8.50

368. The Techno/Peasant Survival Manual: A Catalog of the Future. Collette Dowling. QPB: $7.95

371. Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music (Third Edition) Michael Kennedy Hardcover: $19.95 QPB: $8.95

Compare

Hardcover: $22.50 QPB Softcover: $9.95

111. The Search for Alexander An Exhibition. Contributions by Nicholas Yalouris, Manolis Andronikos, and Katerina Rhomiopoulou. (Photographs) Hardcover: $22.50 QPB: $9.95

118. The Jewish Almanac Richard Siegel & Carl Rheins, Editors. QPB: $7.95

119. Royal Charles: Charles II and the Restoration. Antonia Fraser Hardcover: $16.95 QPB: $7.95

121. Gödel, Escher, Bach: An Eternal Golden Braid. Douglas R. Hofstadter. QPB: $7.50

124. A Field Guide to American Architecture. Carole Rifkind Hardcover: $19.95 QPB: $7.95

126. The Arbor House Treasury of Modern Science Fiction. Compiled by Robert Silverberg and Martin H. Greenberg Hardcover: $19.95 QPB: $7.95

151. The Lord of the Rings J.R.R. Tolkien. (3 Vols., Boxed) Hardcover: $32.95 QPB: $9.95

209. Portrait of an Artist A Biography of Georgia O'Keeffe. Laurie Lisle Hardcover: $14.95 QPB Ed: $6.95

213. Still Life with Woodpecker Tom Robbins Hardcover: $12.95 QPB: $5.95

215. The Official Preppy Handbook Edited by Lisa Birnbach. QPB: $3.95

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057.

Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me $3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for 6 months. If I have not bought and paid for at least 1 book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. QB 127-1

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want [ ] [ ] [ ]

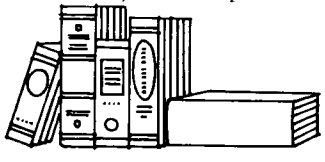
Name _____ 1-16
(Please print clearly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

How membership works.

1. You receive **QPB Review** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *new* Main Selection, plus scores of Alternates. All Main Selections with established publisher's prices are offered at *at least* 20% discount off that price.
2. If you want the **Main Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus Points.** For each book or set you take (except the first 3 you get for $1 each), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of the books we offer; you pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Main Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.



Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for $1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.

377. Testament of Youth Vera Brittain Hardcover: $13.95 QPB: $6.50

383. Jailbird and SLAPSTICK or Lonesome No More! (2 Vols.) Kurt Vonnegut Hardcover: $17.90 QPB: $8.90

404. Information Please Almanac, 1981 (35th Edition) Hardcover: $9.95 QPB: $4.95

441. Burger's Daughter Nadine Gordimer Hardcover: $10.95 QPB: $3.95

450. The Grand Panjandrum & 1,999 Other Rare, Useful, and Delightful Words and Expressions J.N. Hook Hardcover: $13.95 QPB Ed: $6.95

603. The Modern Researcher (Third Edition) Jacques Barzun and Henry F. Graff Hardcover: $12.95 QPB: $6.50

605. On Writing Well: An Informal Guide to Writing Nonfiction. (Second Edition) William Zinsser Hardcover: $8.95 QPB: $4.95

496. The Careful Writer: A Modern Guide to English Usage. Theodore M. Bernstein Hardcover: $14.95 QPB: $6.95

591. Economics in Plain English All You Need to Know About Economics—in Language Anyone Can Understand. Leonard Silk Hardcover: $8.95 QPB: $3.95

QPB **The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED